POLITICS OF VANDALISM STANLEY COHEN

THE NATION

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EDITORIALS

Better Late . . .

The script for this year's fantastic succession of political happenings called for the dramatic announcement of a bombing halt on the eve of the election, with the new phase of negotiations scheduled to begin on the morrow thereof. But however calculated, the bombing halt is good news. It is, as Senator McCarthy has said, not the trump card but a good opener. That it should have come much sooner is scarcely relevant at the moment. In any case we doubt that the halt was ordered now solely for political effect; if the main intention had been to help the Humphrey-Muskie ticket, it would have been imposed somewhat earlier in the campaign.

The fact is that when the President withdrew from the race on March 31, he was successful in his aim to "depoliticalize" the Vietnamese issue. Thus, although the heated public debate that began in 1965 continued right through the Chicago convention, it has remained the major, but largely undiscussed, issue of the campaign. All the contenders have completed for the peace vote, urging "an early and honorable end" to the war, and it follows that none was in a position to make major political capital of the bombing halt.

Several dangers now loom large. One, of course, would arise from the failure of either Mr. Nixon or Mr. Humphrey to poll 270 votes in the electoral college; any uncertainty about the Presidential succession would obviously impede the Paris talks. On the other hand, if the negotiations get off to a promising new start, enough progress may be made by January 20 to set the course of policy firmly in the direction of a negotiated settlement. Both parties have an obvious stake in the success of the negotiations. A second danger is that demagogic, hawkish elements may demand extra measures if the negotiations remain deadlocked, or if it becomes clear, as may well happen, that we shall be forced to settle on terms that the American people have been lead to believe we would never accept. Beyond this danger is still another: assuming that a settlement is negotiated, events in Vietnam might create an opportunity for the idiot Right to start screaming "sellout" and "betrayal." But most of the hawks now realize the folly of the war and, for all their grumbling, may show uncharacteristic restraint during the difficult time of bringing it to an end.

The possibility of unpleasant surprises should not, however, be discounted. It arises from the Administration's lack of candor and the failure of the candidates to debate the issues and alternatives in this year's wretched political campaign. The American people should know, they should be forewarned, they should be urged to realize and accept the fact that we have lost the war in terms of the various, often contradictory goals and purposes that have been cited to justify it. If the fact is accepted, the possibility of further trouble can be minimized. The tragedy of Vietnam was implicit in the bipartisan "anti-Communist" assumptions on which the cold war has been waged. If we want to avoid similar disasters in the future, we shall reject these assumptions and start basing policy on the new realities and our traditional political values.

Between the Tides

In the wake of the invasion of Czechoslovakia, *The Economist* (September 14) suggested that a second Russian revolution might be on its way. The argument was that the outbreak of liberalization in Czechoslovakia was viewed by the Soviet leaders as the paradigm for a similar development in the Soviet Union. Hence the decision to intervene militarily, at no matter what cost in world condemnation. In this view, the Soviet allegation that socialism was endangered was a transparent rationalization; what was really in danger was Russian censorship and control of expression.

Whereas socialism could remain substantially intact in the Soviet Union, a second revolution might democratize it—though not, surely, on the American model, which is now threatened from the Right as Soviet socialism is threatened from the Left. Democratic socialism is the last thing that right-wing elements of the capitalist democracies want in Eastern Europe or in Asia. When their hearts bleed for the oppressed, it is the overthrow of the Soviet system that they hope for, not its liberalization; a benevolent brand of socialism would deprive them of one of their most effective talking points. Russian repression finds a shield in this attitude abroad, which is an additional handicap for those gallant Soviet and satellite citizens who are standing up to their bureaucracies. They have other handicaps, but none is insuperable.

The Russian Revolution had two basic purposes—the world-wide overthrow of capitalism, and the modernization of the Russian economy, so that Russia might acquire industrial and military power commensurate with its potential. The first failed, the second succeeded. But to make this success possible, the Russian people had to be educated, and when people are educated some of them will begin to think. Then they will want to express their thoughts. So impelled, the Soviet scientists, engineers and technicians are inevitably going to demand more freedom. Since any modern power, Socialist or capitalist, must depend on what John Kenneth Galbraith calls the "technostructure," in the end the top administrators will be forced to listen to them—not only about science and technology but about all the things that touch them closely as an intellectual elite. The same is proving to be true of artists, novelists, playwrights, movie producers and directors, poets, editors, and all the other occupations that make up a civilized society.

Another factor making for liberalization is that opinion is being expressed too freely in the international dialogue of the Socialist states for the leaders of the USSR to fancy that they can reimpose rigid thought-control techniques. The pressure for freedom is not confined to the Soviet intelligentsia. There is, for example, the brilliant Polish novelist Jerzy Andrzejewski. In addition to his widely read *Ashes and Diamonds*, which was also filmed, he has written other novels which should be better known in the Western world. Early in September, Andrzejewski wrote the president of the Czechoslovak writers' union from Warsaw to

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express the solidarity of Polish writers with their Czechoslovak colleagues. "I realize," Andrzejewski said, in reference to the Polish role in the invasion, "that my voice of political and moral protest does not and cannot counterbalance the discredit with which Poland has been covered in the opinion of progressives in the entire world. . . ." Communist parties in other countries took the same stand.

Thus rebels like the Soviet physicists Pavel M. Litvinov, Dimitri Blokhintsev and Andrei D. Sakharov (whose remarkable essay, "Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom," was recently published here); Mrs. Larisa Daniel, wife of the imprisoned writer Uri Daniel: the novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn; the poet Andrei Voznesensky; the editor Aleksandr Tvardovsky, and Maj. Gen. Pyotr G. Grigorenko have time their side.

This is the season of the year when the USSR celebrates its birth as a nation out of the chaos of World War I. Accordingly, *The Nation* devotes a large section of the current issue to articles on Russia's present temper and preoccupations. The tone and content of these reports suggest that the USSR, like the United States, is a nation at slack tide, awaiting new currents from a direction not yet perceived. For both nations it is a time of immediate hazard and of ultimate promise. If their situations can be mutually recognized, forbearance will perhaps be mutually forthcoming.

Once Again the Polls

Each Presidential campaign starts the discussion anew; how good are the polls? The argument continues, actively and with mounting excitement, until the votes are counted. Then there is usually a brief autopsical discussion centering on how well or how badly the pollsters forecast the outcome, and the subject is dismissed until the next election.

But this time it may be different, for the reason that startling discrepancies have emerged between the Gallup and Harris surveys. Just before the Republican convention, a Gallup study purported to show that Mr. Nixon could defeat either Senator McCarthy or Vice President Humphrey, while Gov. Nelson Rockefeller was in a tight race with these two Democrats. A Harris study made six days after the Gallup announcement had Nixon running behind either McCarthy or Humphrey, while Rockefeller could easily beat these two. Thereupon Harris and Gallup issued a joint statement to the effect that both polls were correct but that in the brief interval between them Rockefeller had jumped into the lead. While Gallup and Harris may have been satisfied with this explanation, to many others it seemed contrived. In a speech delivered on October 18, Burns W. Roper, president of Roper Research Associates, criticized the joint Gallup-Harris statement as implausible.

After the conventions, Gallup found a twelve-point spread between Nixon and Humphrey, with the latter trailing. A Harris poll also showed Humphrey behind, but by only five points. The Gallup poll was taken between October 3 and October 12; the Harris dates were October 9 to 11. Louis H. Bean, the analyst who predicted the Tru-

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man victory in 1948, asked: "Why should two national pollsters be so far apart?"

Little attention need be paid to George Wallace's cries that the polls have been rigged against him: Wallace will say anything that he thinks will assist his noisome crusade. But the criticisms of other observers must be taken more seriously. Rep. John Moss of California and Rep. Lucien Nedzi of Michigan have suggested that a Congressional investigation may be in order, and there have been similar proposals in state legislatures. Richard Nixon called Harris a "Democratic pollster." Gallup himself was worried about the pollsters' collective reputation: "The image of the big polls will suffer if we're too far off in the Presidential race," he said.

The polls have become a form of public utility, clearly invested with a public interest. It follows that the public has a right to know more about their inner workings than it does now. The polling industry acknowledges as much. Last spring those pollsters that publish their results set up a "National Council on Published Polls" to establish standards, avoid possible conflicts of interest, and agree on a code of ethical procedures. A larger group, the American Association of Public Opinion Research, which includes the private pollsters, has been engaged in a similar project.

These efforts should be pressed, so that convincing progress can be made before the next election. One symptom of public distrust is that an increasing number of people who are asked for their views on elections are refusing to cooperate. Since those who are approached are supposed to constitute a representative sample, a large percentage of refusals and substitutions may result in distorted statistics.

Part of the industry's difficulty lies in the fact that pollsters deal with elections and other matters of public interest, and as market researchers also contribute to the great selling effort that permeates American life. Roper alluded to this duality when he conceded that while much of the blame for abuses lies within the industry, customers or clients must share some of it. Politicians and sales managers alike are prone to suppress or distort results that run contrary to their interests. This is the more reason for the pollsters to avoid any taint of partisanship in their political assessments. Few industries succeed in self-regulation. The pollsters may be an exception, but the aftermath of this election may be their last chance to prove it.

'Adios' to the Olympics

Ancient Greece was never a conspicuously peaceful land, but when games were held a truce was imposed, so that runners and wrestlers, poets and orators, might journey safely to the meeting place and demonstrate their excellence. Ours is not a conspicuously peaceful world, but the Olympic Games just completed at Mexico City were perhaps the most brilliant of the modern era, and the forecasts of serious embarrassments, if not disaster, proved groundless.

The auspices were indeed unfavorable. Mexico had been brutally suppressing the indignation of its youth, and as the teams gathered the authorities put on a display of unseemly (and as it proved, foolishly excessive) military control. South Africa was not acceptable in an assembly dedicated to sportsmanship. There was bitterness in the prospect of Czechoslovak and Russian champions contending for laurels. The many blacks on the American squad were participating in a mood of mixed pride and anger. The altitude of the site was thought to make shocking physical distress inevitable.

But though some athletes obviously suffered (particularly those called upon for extended outlays of power), records fell in dazzling numbers in the thin air of Mexico City. And though there were frictions, ineptitudes, displays of authoritarianism and painful rumors, the young athletes of the world tested one another, displayed their strength and beauty and courage, and parted to return home in peace.

That is what the Olympics are intended to do: to show that valor is a personal virtue and that superlative achievement knows no color or flag. That is why a race to the tape is a symbol of greater human promise than a race to the moon. The circumstances could have been better; there was no wisdom in banishing the two young American Negroes for their gestures of protest, and there was no honesty in the reason given for doing so. It is simply not believable that the International Olympic Committee would have banished the entire American team over an internal matter that in no way impeded the order of the occasion. And the as-yet-unsubstantiated rumors of money improperly distributed to allegedly amateur contestants, in themselves disagreeable, emphasize once again the hypocrisy of the Olympic rules. All athletes of Olympic caliber are subsidized in one way or another; the standards which must be met in modern world competition are so high that no one can train for them in after hours. The antiquated notion of amateurism should be scrapped, and a superb performer should be acknowledged worthy of his hire.

The Olympic Games and the Catholic Church are similarly ancient institutions that have become encrusted with lore and ritual. They are both governed by old men who set the rules for the young men who do the jobs. With arrogance dominating the high ranks and zeal motivating the low, friction is inevitable. Change is also inevitable. It will become evident in the Munich Olympic Games of 1972, as it is evident today in the winds of protest ventilating the doctrines of Catholicism. All institutions resist change, but those which call upon their participants to excel in body or spirit are the least justified in their intransigence.

How Free Is Information?

Hosannas went up when President Johnson signed the freedom of information law on July 4, 1967. As often before and since, Mr. Johnson was his own cheerleader. "Freedom of information," he declared, "is so vital that only the national security, not the desire of public officials or private citizens, should determine when it must be restricted." This was all very well as sloganeering, but

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in governmental practice information remains as needlessly restricted as ever. Many officials act as if they had never heard of the law or as if they had the right to veto it at will.

A current illustration is Robert F. Kennedy's personal account of the 1962 missile crisis. This 21,000-word memoir, sold for more than $1 million, gives a comprehensive idea of the feelings of the inner power circle as the United States drew close to a nuclear conflict with the Soviet Union. It tells what was said and who said it. Yet so far it has proved impossible to shake loose the report of the four-man committee (Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, chairman; Allen W. Dulles, director of the CIA; Robert F. Kennedy, Attorney General; Admiral Arleigh Burke, chief of naval operations) appointed by President Kennedy to survey the whole Bay of Pigs fiasco, to find out what went wrong and what might be done to prevent a recurrence. The Taylor report would reveal how good the military advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff actually was, and likewise the perspicacity or lack of it displayed by the CIA in the intelligence field. Nothing could be more important, but six years after the event the public is still denied this vital information.

One difficulty is that no appeals procedure is established under the law. Such a procedure could presumably be established by Executive action. All it requires are the appointment of an official in the Executive office to whom appeals could be addressed, and the publication of regulations setting forth the procedure for doing so. The publicity attendant on such protocols would in itself have a salutary effect.

As it is, individuals and corporations must resort to the slow, cumbersome and expensive procedure of suing the government to force the release of documents or data which they wish to use. Thirty such cases are pending. Almost all of them involve material economically valuable for private use. An important exception is the suit brought in July, 1968, by Consumers Union for the purpose of gaining public access to evaluations in federal agency files as to the quality of consumer goods and services (information derived from government research at the taxpayers' expense). The specific complaint in the Consumers Union suit is directed against the Veterans Administration, which has refused to reveal the results of tests done for it on various brands and models of hearing aids.

It would be a great help in the current situation if reporters and other media personnel would make maximum use of the law as it stands, demanding the rights it provides, harassing the delinquent government agencies until they were persuaded that revelation is preferable to the angry buzz of frustration. When the media are refused information, they should at least publicize the fact. In some cases, this in itself will produce a more liberal response from government bodies, and the attitude may spread from one agency to another, somewhat improving the overall situation.

Apparently all three Presidential candidates have given approval in principle to appointment of an appeals official of the type suggested. The winner should not be allowed to forget this commitment.

The Late Late Show

Reruns of old movies on TV have nothing on the perennial crusade of the AFL-CIO against Communist trade unions abroad—or any trade unions that are not patterned on Samuel Gompers' adage of trade unionism "pure and simple." The activities of Jay Lovestone and his corps of Red-hunters in Europe, Latin America and the Far East have been chronicled in *Nation* articles by Henry Berger, Sidney Lens and others; now the same old melodramas, re-edited for local conditions but still supported by the State Department and using the same CIA techniques, are beginning to show up in Africa. As elsewhere, African labor will thereby get the impression that the entire U.S. labor movement is reactionary. Lovestone is not welcomed as an ideological mentor by more progressive African labor elements, who prefer to be aligned with neither side in the cold war.

Recent developments in the Lovestone safari are recounted by Stanley Meisler from Nairobi, Kenya, in the October 10 *Los Angeles Times*. At first Lovestone and his staff relied on the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU), which had achieved notable success after World War II in suppressing Communist unions in West Germany and creating rival, anti-Communist unions in France and Italy. As in Europe, the operations in Africa were carried on under the supervision of Irving Brown, Lovestone's long-time coadjutor. But when ICFTU proved ineffective there, George Meany directed Lovestone to supplement it with the African-American Labor Center (AALC), with Brown still in charge.

The U.S. Agency for International Development supplies the bulk of AALC funds, but in contrast to most of its operations gives it a free rein. Meisler points out that AID follows the same policy with the Planned Parenthood Association. Sensitive issues are involved in both operations, and AID prefers not to be too closely identified with their goals.

In 1967, AALC received $1,537,000 from the U.S. Government and $482,000 from AFL-CIO unions and private contributors. AID reports that federal money for AALC has currently increased to $2,411,390. (This is not necessarily the actual total, since U.S. ambassadors in African countries are also supplied with special funds for "impact" projects; AALC may be getting another million through these channels.)

Whereas in Kenya, owing to local opposition, AALC has been relatively cautious, Meisler reports that elsewhere it "has fulfilled the traditional AFL-CIO role of helping non-Communist unions fight Communist unions." This is a sure recipe for setting elements in the indigenous labor movement at one another's throats. Meisler cites several instances which resulted in embarrassment for the United States.

Is it too much to expect that the new administration taking over in January will, as part of a general overhaul of the State Department, re-examine the role of AFL-CIO in relation to American policy—or, to put it more directly, the role of Jay Lovestone? If the State Department feels that it should be actively concerned with trade union activities overseas (a debatable proposition), then it should

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formulate its own programs and see that they are carried out. The notion that AFL-CIO should be used as an instrument of American policy serves the best interests of neither American labor nor the State Department. The record of Lovestone's labor diplomacy throughout the cold-war years forces the conclusion that his influence should be severed now, before his mischievous intrigues involve American policy for Africa in the same difficulties that have attended his earlier efforts in Europe, Asia and Latin America.

WHAT DALEY NEEDS, DALEY GETS

RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.
Mr. Whitehead, a Chicago newspaper man, is completing a book on the politics of law and order.

Chicago

About 250 delegates and visitors to the Democratic National Convention met at a Chicago hotel late on the night of August 28. A few hours earlier, Mayor Richard Daley's police force had clubbed apart a protest outside the Conrad Hilton. The meeting watched on TV as Hubert Humphrey got the nomination Daley wanted him to have. A news report said Edmund Muskie would run with Humphrey because Daley wanted the national ticket to help the four Polish members of the Mayor's Congressional delegation. A lot of the meeting's talk was about the Mayor: Daley and his cops, Daley and LBJ, Daley and George Meany. Everyone agreed that Daley's notion of how to run a convention would kill the ticket and injure the Mayor's power. So the meeting broke up, and the group packed its bags and returned home to New York City, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. And, after two months, the election is here, and the boss of Chicago will come out of it as powerful as ever.

The Democratic organization of Cook County needs three offices to hold its base of power, and it should be able to keep them all:

Secretary of State Paul Powell must win again because his post controls 20,000 patronage jobs. Some of these are lucrative per diem jobs. They attract professionals and help to organize affluent areas. Powell has long been powerful downstate, where he should cut into the GOP majority, and Cook County's Democratic edge should then bring him in safely. Powell might be the only Democrat to win on the state-wide ticket.

Edward Hanrahan must become State's attorney for Cook County, the chief prosecutor and key to controlling the county's justice. The last Republican to hold the job served for four years ending in 1960. He was lazy and didn't organize the office well, but he almost ruined Daley by dragging out scandals on fixed traffic tickets, corrupt bail-bond practices, and a police burglary ring. This prosecutor later tried to run for mayor, but his political career was wiped out by a scandal of his own—a scandal played up by a Democratic State's attorney.

A Republican State's attorney might also move against the Democratic organization's control of the city and county election machinery. The Chicago machine has survived by understanding what reforms matter in Cook County; civil rights, good schools, clean water, etc., are visible issues that worry, and often excite the voters. So the organization must address itself to such issues. But election laws, vital to the self-perpetuation of the Democratic organization, don't arouse most voters. Daley can have his way with them because his opponents can't stir enough opinion to force election reform by the city council or county board. But a GOP or independent State's attorney could act through the courts to end criminal voting abuses. Daley wouldn't care to have that happen—and it probably won't, since Hanrahan, a safe organization man, is given a nice lead by the polls.

Finally, Matthew Danaher must stay on as clerk of the county court. This job backstops the control of the State's attorney over county justice, because the clerk makes case assignments to circuit court judges. "If the organization ever wanted a major court fix, the assignment power would be useful," explains Leon Despres, an independent alderman. The clerk also controls 1,400 patronage jobs, most of which are now held by party workers of advanced age and retarded skills, poorly qualified for ordinary employment. Since their years of party service entitle them to other patronage jobs if the clerk's office is lost, a bad showing by Danaher would cause confusion and anxiety inside the organization.

There are also three offices the Democratic organization *doesn't* need, and one of them it doesn't even *want*. That is Everett Dirksen's Senate seat, now sought for the Democrats by Illinois Atty. Gen. William Clark. The Democratic precinct captains aren't pushing Clark because he's openly hostile to Daley. Clark has run hard as a Vietnamese dove, and some Illinois liberals have thought of organizing around him to fight the Mayor. But Clark lacks a solid political base, and will soon be out of work, when he'll be forced to ask Daley to make a separate peace.

The governorship is also expendable. Samuel Shapiro holds the office for the Democrats, and it controls 12,000 jobs. His opponent is Richard Ogilvie, president of the Cook County Board. If Ogilvie is elected, his current job would be filled by a vote of the Democratic majority on the board, and the organization could eventually milk the president's office for about 15,000 patronage jobs. The party would also be enriched by the 2 per cent bounty on patronage salaries. And Ogilvie's election would get him out of Cook County, where he threatens the machine. He has already put strong GOP organizations into seven West Side wards, where the Republican committeemen have traditionally been on the Democratic payroll. This doesn't

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mean that the Democrats are knifing Shapiro as they are Clark. The executive director of the Independent Voters of Illinois, John Kearney, points out: "The precinct workers are pushing Sam because they like him, not because the organization has to have him."

The Presidency of the United States is also expendable. Labor needs Humphrey, but local trade union officials say Illinois' twenty-six electoral votes have been conceded to Richard Nixon. The Chicago Federation of Labor and Industrial Union Council wants Humphrey but is putting the bulk of its money into its precinct network on the northeast and southwest sides of the city, giving priority support to three labor Congressmen running against backlash Republicans. The Democratic organization's own campaign workers are pushing Humphrey variously according to their ward, precinct, block or even building. Some Polish areas boost Muskie and don't mention Humphrey. Elsewhere the word is out to go easy on Wallace voters who back the county ticket. The organization has been unable to lay down a blanket policy of straight ticket voting for all precinct workers inside the city. This lets the troops use their own judgment to drop the weak men on the ticket, and consequently Humphrey suffers.

The black wards are an exception, something of a surprise after the April riots and Daley's shoot-to-kill order. Yet Negro support for Humphrey probably shows the shrewdness of the Mayor's convention security. A trade union staff man, Paul Booth, explains why the Chicago polls show a 95 per cent black vote for Humphrey: "The cops didn't let Dick Gregory take his marchers south of 18th Street on the night Humphrey made his acceptance speech. If the march had gone into the South Side, Gregory would carry the ghetto himself."

A President would be nice to have, but Daley doesn't really need one. He won't be able to reach Nixon's Cabinet members on the phone, and he'll lose some federal patronage. Yet he won't lose much by a decline in his Washington influence. During the past eight years, the Mayor has increasingly used his power at the White House to veto any federal disruptions of Chicago's *status quo*. Usually this has meant that Daley would block any use of Washington funds to punish Chicago's bigotry, or to reward racial progress made by anyone outside the Cook County organization. Nixon has already promised not to use federal funds for such ends.

At the state party convention held during September, a few days after the national Democrats had left town, several thousand local party workers crowded into an old meeting hall and seated themselves according to their ward and township organizations. Daley introduced the state ticket, and then announced the top man on the county ticket, Ed Hanrahan. As Hanrahan approached the microphone, a half-dozen girls, wearing "Hanrahan!" straw hats and sashes, cakewalked around the podium and sang an off-key campaign melody to the accompaniment of a band of tired old men stashed in a balcony above the stage. After the song, Hanrahan stepped to the microphone to bellow: "Now there's *my* kind of new politics!" And the crowd stood and cheered for nearly fifteen minutes. Daley has no reason to be dissatisfied with his Chicago.

RUSSIA AFTER 50

'Moscow Is So Dull'

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is on the staff of C.B.S. News. Last summer's visit to the Soviet Union was the third he has spent in that country.*

When the whisky had run dry we switched to Soviet champagne—a very bad mixture, but it is not every year that you get to celebrate the 14th of July with the French in Moscow. Tricolor bunting that had not seen service since last Bastille Day was draped over tables everywhere. The bar, a boozy sea of drinkers, was awash with red, white and blue crepe paper. In the next room 500 writhing, shaking, wriggling bodies were spastically jerking to a hundred decibels of pure electronic howl. It was the Air France party at the Metropole Hotel and it was a gas. Dick Reston, of the *Los Angeles Times*, and I were talking to a couple of French girls, Claudine Canetti, who writes for Agence France-Presse, and a friend of hers, Sylvie Kahn, a Sorbonne student. "A month ago," yelled Sylvie over the din, "I was an ambulance attendant in Montparnasse. Very bad. Very good. It was our student struggle in Paris . . . it was our revolution. *Quelle joie!* Moscow is so dull!" I asked what she had been doing in Moscow. Sylvie wrinkled her face in disgust. "We talk. When we stop talking they take us on tours. Last night we went to a factory for an evening of friendship. Some of the workers entertained us with folk dances! I mean, can you imagine that? Folk dances!" The din was murderous. "Well," shouted Reston, "that's Moscow 1968 for you!"

Nowadays, Moscow is the most conservative city in the world, not even excluding Wichita, Kan. By 11 P.M. Red Square looks like a drained sink. The Metro, Moscow's incomparably efficient subway system, is the drain that nightly sucks the city of its humanity. Inside, the turnstiles are clogged with the homeward bound. The attendant, a stout woman in her middle 40s, stands on a rubber mat, keeping up a steady flow of patter:

"Move along there, comrade. . . ."

"Let's get going, fellow countryman. . . ."

"Don't dally, citizen. . . ."

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Below, trains thunder down the gleaming marble tubes, en route to the outer ring of cement apartment houses that girdle Moscow's bulging perimeter. Walking by night about the silent yellow streets, a visitor is struck by the local primness. Everything is tidy and orderly. You can, literally, walk for hours without encountering a single policeman. Between midnight and dawn, Gorky Street—Moscow's main stem—is a sanitation worker's delight. Six and a half million Muscovites are snugly abed. The loudest sound you hear is the Kremlin bells, chiming the hours.

On Dzherzhinsky Square the Detsky Mir, Children's World Department Store, is dark. Across from windows filled with bright *matryoshki* wooden dolls and rubber spacemen is the Lubianka prison. A water truck goes by. The wet and glistening street reflects the few lights that still burn in Lubianka. Before the Revolution this granite pile housed Russia's largest insurance company. Now it looks like an orphanage with its neat, starched white, curtained windows, green-shaded lamps and combed grass lawn.

The day afterward I kept thinking about Sylvie's remark. In one sense she is absolutely correct. A country without free political discussion is, inevitably, a dull place. And, as everyone knows, there has not been—since Trotsky's ouster—any left- or right-wing faction in the Communist Party's Central Committee. "Democratic Centralism" is the sole order of business. Yet this is only the top of the picture. Hardly a day passes but some poet, scientist or factory manager attacks the *status quo.* The issue is not between party members and nonparty members but between the alert and forward-looking and those who obstinately cling to the past. The Soviet Union might be exotic in some respects, but in others it is exactly like every place else. Mr. Suslov and his ideologues in Komsomol Square are saying: "Comrades, Lenin has secured our Revolution. We do not intend to have another, so let us now get along with the job of building communism." Given this ukase, it is apparent why the Central Committee's powerful Ideological Commission is ill at ease with the present generation of artists and writers.

During July the Soviet press, led by *Pravda,* went on a Mayakovsky binge. The 75th anniversary of the Soviet poet's birth was marked by fulsome praise for his achievements. Party hacks who had publicly rebuked him in his lifetime now sang his praises in marshmallow reminiscences. Here was a poet of world stature who, for more than a decade, poured out his prodigious heart in praise of Soviet achievement. The awkward fact that Mayakovsky, attacked from all sides, ended his life with a bullet through his heart is now the subject for some judicious rewriting of history. In his last unfinished poem he wrote feelingly of his struggles with the authorities:

Agitprop sticks in my teeth too
and I'd rather compose romance for you
more profit in it
and more charm
But I subdued myself
setting my heel
on the throat
of my own song.

But *Pravda* was not thinking of Mayakovsky's last poem. It praised instead the poet who wrote, "I from poetry's skies,/plunge into communism,/because without it/I feel no love." Who, among contemporary poets, sings so sweetly of present-day Soviet triumphs? And why do they not? One answer might be that what Yevtushenko calls "one-sided certainties" no longer seem valid to this generation.

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Tatiana met me outside the Hotel National. It had been a hot Saturday and now thick cumulous clouds were piling up threateningly over beyond the Moscow river. "It must be raining already in Peredelkino," said Tatiana. We were going to the writers' village where Andrei Voznesensky and other friends of Tatiana's were waiting for us.

My companion had brought a large wicker basket filled with food and neatly covered with a folded copy of the day's *Izvestia.* As we skirted Manege Square, Tatiana asked the taxi driver to stop on Gorky Street at one of the food stores. She had forgotten to buy wine. It is about 20 miles from Moscow to Peredelkino. We headed out along the Minsk road, the taxi, an old Volga, bouncing along like a young colt that had finally been given the reins. The driver, a happy enough man, kept muttering aloud, *"Kak shacka, kak shacka"* (how hot, how hot); it was difficult to know if he meant the engine or the weather. Just past the Minsk turnoff, we passed a glass-boothed police observation post. Other than that there was nothing worth a long look. On a Russian highway there are no advertising billboards, no roadside diners, no used-car lots, no electric signs, and almost no directions.

The entrance to Peredelkino passes the graveyard where Boris Pasternak is buried. A river runs alongside and green parasol pines stand in silent clusters, like mourners at an Irish wake. It is very lovely. Here the countryside is gentle, with open fields and stands of white birches. We drove down lanes that wound in and out of a great pine forest. The Russian love of privacy is well known; at Peredelkino not only are streets unmarked, very few of the *dachas* or country homes have name plates. Presently we found the old Samarin estate, where the Writers' Union has some twenty small cottages in an old park. Tatiana left the car to go find Voznesensky. We were to travel on to another *dacha.*

After about ten minutes, the poet appeared with his wife Zoya, an attractive blonde in her early 30s. Voznesensky owns his own car, a gray Volga which had cost him nearly 4,000 rubles (about $4,400), and Zoya—who is learning to drive—followed us cautiously to our destination. It was the summer cottage of a well-known translator, a man whom I shall call Boris. As I turned from the taxi I saw that Voznesensky was taking the windshield wipers off his car. He smiled and said, "I can't afford to lose my eyes!" It appears that car wipers are stolen regularly from parked cars and are terribly difficult to replace. So most people are careful to remove the blades whenever they park. The *dacha* was hidden in a grove of birches, well back from the road. The afternoon thundershower had spread a cobweb of raindrops over a clump of elderberry bushes by the steps that led to the house. It was all immensely idyllic—the absolutely wholesome, sweet life, an

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hour's drive from Moscow. We stood silently for a minute until the door opened and Boris, a middle-aged man wearing a flannel sports shirt and baggy blue pants, bustled out. "Greetings, greetings!" he cried. "Come along in and excuse the mess."

We found ourselves in a narrow corridor, with a number of doors leading off it. "Down this way to the right." We entered a large, sparsely furnished room with white walls, a small bed, a table and several chairs. The windows were uncurtained. Our hostess came in, dark-haired and smiling, and gravely shook hands all around. A small boy, presumably Boris' son, entered the room and placed a large ashtray, in the shape of a lobster, on the table. Voznesensky pulled out a pack of Bulgarian cigarettes and offered them around. As we talked, Boris asked if I had tried to buy a copy of Voznesensky's poems in Moscow. I said I had but with no success. Unspoken was my thought that the reason for this was Voznesensky's well-known troubles with the Ideological Commission. As if reading my mind, Boris exclaimed, "We love poetry in Russia, everyone knows that! Even so, among our poets Andrei is a phenomenon. They publish an edition of 40,000 and it's sold out the next day. They double the next edition and the same thing happens! His last book of poems—*An Achilles Heart*—was published in the fantastic edition of half a million copies and there is not one copy left in the whole of Moscow!"

Boris leaned forward and poured everyone a glass of Georgian wine; then he continued talking. "In our country poetry is the pulpit. It is entertainment, it is philosophy, it is life. Everything else is dead—or was dead until very, very recently. Poetry has been a way of saying things that could not otherwise be said (for the first time Voznesensky quietly nodded his head in agreement). But it is most interesting that, in recent years, there has been a small but obvious decline in the popularity of poetry. Why? Because other channels have been opened. Nowadays our films are more frank. Then, too, you can find more open discussion in our books and our magazines." I asked Boris what was the nearest parallel to the young Soviet poets in Western society. "I suppose if I were to try to find a comparison," said Boris, "I'd have to say our poets are like the French boulevard singers or your Pop groups."

The sky was turning dark; the tall uncut grass outside the windows cast a green glow over everyone in the shadowy room. Voznesensky was wearing a heavy blue Italian sweater, and over his shoulders a dark blue nylon windjammer—a slight, dark-haired young man with merry quizzical eyes, a bobbed nose in a long face, and a shy, reserved manner. I do not recall Voznesensky moving at all during the long evening. He sat, hunched forward, his eyes darting toward all speakers as they talked. After dinner the talk turned to Mayakovsky. Voznesensky is a great admirer of "the poet of the Revolution." I asked him about the line in his poem "Oza" (a play on the name of his wife Zoya) about the bullet flying from Mayakovsky's heart back into the gun. He explained that he tried very hard to find out everything he could about Mayakovsky's death. "But a strange thing," explained Voznesensky, "Mayakovsky owned two pistols, but it was a third one—

Andrei Voznesensky: A Self-Portrait

a German Luger—which killed him, and that has completely vanished."

Boris spoke next. "People will be arguing about Mayakovsky's death for the next century. There will always be those who have doubts. It is like the Kennedy assassinations. People love facts and they need a conspiracy to make them palatable. It is an open question. There were so many open questions in 1930," said Boris, with a wave of his hand toward the dark window. "It was a time of great confusion in the arts. The young Soviet state hardly had time for art or to worry about its role in the Revolution. There were, in those years, no hard and fast positions. These were to come later with Stalin—paradoxically, a more settled period. So Mayakovsky danced between the *proletkult* and the bourgeois concepts of culture, supported by Lenin and championed by Lunacharsky. He went from one group to another, in vain. The wave of arrests began in 1929. For Mayakovsky that was the beginning of the end. When he sought a passport to visit Paris and it was refused, he touched bottom. The literary establishment gave him the cold shoulder. His plays flopped, he lost his glamour, his fame and his luck in love. Women, you know, are like rats; Mayakovsky's women more so than most. For them the word loyalty did not exist, they were mere vamps. He had no one to turn to. It was the end."

All this was said so forcefully that I felt a bit presumptuous even to ask Voznesensky for his view. But wanting to hear it, I asked him just the same. "Mayakovsky had a tragic quality about his whole life," said Voznesensky; "I especially admire the contrasts between the challenge in his poetry and, on the other hand, the extreme sensitivity and tearfulness." Voznesensky leaned forward, his slight shoulders hunched over the table. "He was an artist who loved life yet finally strangled it in himself. Paradox upon paradox." He repeated the words: "paradox upon

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paradox." An expression of haunting sadness dropped like a curtain across his long thin face.

Later, back at the hotel and before turning out the light, I read some lines from Voznesensky's first book, *Mosaic*:

An artist firstborn
Is always a tribune.
In him the spirit of overturning,
And rebellion—eternal.

From the distance, beyond the lace curtains, came the Kremlin chimes.

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As in the West, a dominant topic of Moscow conversation these days is talk, talk, talk about what lies ahead for the young people. The movie makers have hold of this theme and, as a consequence, the movie theatre is a good place to go for an insight into contemporary Soviet life. Unfortunately such films as *Three Poplars on Plisetskaya Street*, *One Hundred Ways of Love*, *I Am Twenty* and *July Rain* are not likely to be seen in the West for some time to come. When I asked a Soviet official why this was so, he parried the question: "When you can tell me when your government will sell us the distribution rights to *Raisin in the Sun*, *Blackboard Jungle* and *The Manchurian Candidate*, I can answer when the Soviet Union will export our controversial films." I very much wanted to meet Marlen Khutsiev while I was in Moscow, but was told that he was hard at work on a new film about Pushkin and not available. Khutsiev, now in his early 30s, is perhaps the most talked about of the Soviet's "new wave" film directors. Five years ago his film *The Ilyich Gate*—subsequently retitled *I Am Twenty*—ran into the formidable opposition of Nikita Khrushchev. Viktor Nekrasov, the Kiev writer, compared Khutsiev's film with Paddy Chayefsky's *Marty*:

> Marty owns a butcher shop in New York: Khutsiev's youngsters are all workers. They are all about 20, not much more than that. And of course they are all in love, each in his own way, and all have moments of melancholy. . . . Questions arise, as indeed they must: Where is the future? What is the right thing to do? How can one avoid mistakes? In general how one ought to live. I am eternally grateful to Khutsiev and Gennady Shpalikov (the script writer) for not dragging in an old worker with graying mustaches who understands all and has a precise and clear answer for everything.

Khrushchev had the film screened and got so boiling mad about it that he singled it out for his spitting scorn, in a speech to writers and artists at the Kremlin Hall of Congress:

"Even the most positive characters in this film, three workers," shouted Khrushchev, "are shown not knowing how they should live and what they should strive for. And this in our time of full-scale construction of communism, illuminated by the ideas of the Program of the Communist Party! . . . In the Soviet Socialist society there are no contradictions between generations." I had heard that Khutsiev's most recent film *July Rain* was playing in Moscow, but inquiries at the Intourist office failed to reveal where. There are hundreds of movie houses in Moscow but no one paper lists their programs. Indeed the morning papers carry no movie or theatre advertising at all, and *Evening Moscow*—the city's most popular paper—carries listings only for central Moscow.

However, a movie critic, knowing of my interest, called me up one day. She had heard that *July Rain* was playing at a small suburban cinema. The next evening we took a taxi to the outskirts of the city. In contrast to the marble and glass midtown movie houses, this cinema was part of a recreation hall. We went upstairs to a long narrow room with straight-backed wooden seats. As with *I Am Twenty*, *July Rain* tells of young people, a group of friends—writers, editors and engineers—who live and work in Moscow. Khutsiev has filmed it in the familiar *nouvelle vague* manner, and he moves his group-as-anti-heroes through half a dozen different Moscow locations. A newspaper office, the new Kalinin Avenue, a picnic scene in the Moscow suburbs, the ordinary Moscow squares—all these come wonderfully alive in the wide-screen black-and-white camera work of Margarita Pilikhina. It is a totally plotless film, but Khutsiev achieves great lyrical power through a skillful mixing of acting, music scoring and sensitive photography. But what was really fascinating was the audience reaction. Could Khrushchev have been right? In the flickering half-light I glanced around; the audience was made up mostly of blue-collar workers. The film seemed to irritate them enormously. By about the fourth reel there was a good deal of coughing and muttering as if to say: "Why don't they *do* something, instead of just talking all the time?" A few days later someone showed me a review of the film. Once again, Khutsiev was nailed for having made a "pessimistic" film. He was criticized for showing the emptiness of "some people's lives" without showing the positive side. "As with *I Am Twenty*," wrote the critic "this is another Khutsiev film in which mutual relations are characterized by intellectual poverty." The critic concluded by suggesting a change of title to *I Am Thirty*.

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A couple of nights later, I was having a drink in the Labyrinth, one of the new cocktail bars that have popped up in the Kosygin era. My friend, Yablomov, was sitting at the bar with me (in the Soviet Union it is not polite to *stand* at a bar). I wanted to get his opinion of *July Rain*. Yablomov, in his early 30s, is a bachelor about town. A translator, he earns good money working for a foreign organization, and is, I would judge, more sophisticated than most Muscovites. To my surprise he had nothing but scorn for Khutsiev's films.

"What's so good about feeling bad?" he asked, recalling a movie title I had seen somewhere. "People go to the movies to be entertained," Yablomov continued, "they've had a hard day at the office or in the factory. They have probably attended a Komsomol meeting or a Sports Club 'compulsory-voluntary' session after work. When they have free time they want to enjoy themselves." He swung the chrome stool around on its pivot and ordered two more champagne cobblers from the bar attendant. "There should be more comedies—something to make people laugh. Who needs problems?"

Walking home alone along the glittering new Kalinin Avenue I found myself wondering what was happening in

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Russia. Depending upon whose company I happened to be sharing in Moscow, there seemed to be two distinct viewpoints. Among Moscow intellectuals I can fairly quickly tick off some of their hopes. They want an end to the more stifling excesses of bureaucracy and the downgrading of personality (a favorite word of opprobrium here is "cosmopolitan," meaning anyone who tends to a world view rather than the strict party line). They yearn for privacy, and above all desire to travel abroad—simply, to own a passport. Among ordinary people, on the other hand, the mood recalls the Eisenhower years in America. First, there is a sense of never having had it so good. The streets are crowded, the shops and restaurants are full. Most people now work a five-day week, get thirty days' paid vacation a year; social security system covers sickness, old age, maternity, unemployment, occupational hazards and family bonuses. Housing is improving rapidly and direct income tax is hardly noticeable. Second, most citizens have a deep-rooted desire not to rock the boat. Last year's great fiftieth anniversary blowout simply reinforced their faith in their Socialist society, and this faith, sustained by an ever-improving economic security, is confirmed by what their mass media tell them is happening in the corrupt old capitalist empire. Third, they betray a distinctly hostile attitude toward literary radicals. An undercurrent of anger at "double-dealers" who allow their works to be published in the West is best expressed in the Russian proverb that "no family is without its monster." A highly respected American observer told me he was absolutely convinced that the verdict in the Daniel-Sinyavsky trial was warmly applauded by most ordinary Soviet citizens.

Kalinin Avenue provided little sense of relief from the curious sense of melancholy I encountered from my conversations with Soviet friends. At nine in the evening the broad street was crowded with people looking in shop windows, queuing up to enter the October movie palace, or stopping to buy flowers from the sidewalk vendors. There is every indication of Socialist affluence, even an air of Socialist superiority in the red and white banners strung across the eight-lane street, "Glory to the Communist Party of the CCCP." And yet the porridgelike conformity of the scene was depressing.

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Edmund Stevens came to the Soviet Union in the early thirties. Like Henry Shapiro, the veteran UPI bureau chief in Moscow, he married a Russian girl and settled down to report the Soviet scene for the American press. Over the years, Stevens has worked for almost every American newspaper or magazine of note, from *The Christian Science Monitor* to *Time*. Currently, he writes for the London *Sunday Times* and for *Newsday* specials syndicate. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1951.

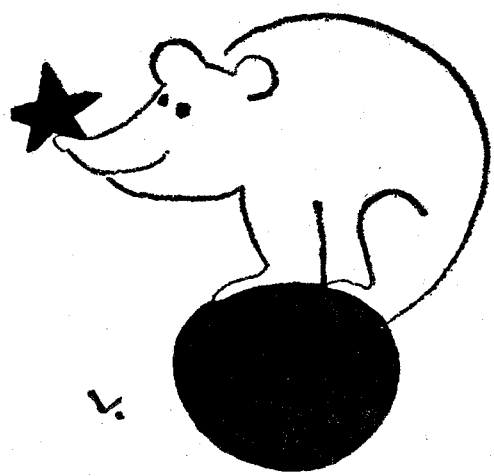
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens live at 11 Ryleeva Street, not far from the Kremlin. There is nothing remarkable about the street—a very ordinary Moscow thoroughfare. In the windows of the wooden house on the corner I could see faces staring out at the limousines arriving at the Stevens home. Everyone in Moscow knows the couple and they must know literally everyone in the Soviet Establishment. Ed, a cheery red-faced fellow in shirt sleeves, was working on the Czech crisis story as I entered. The door of his study was open and I could see him waving a sheaf of Tass copy in one hand; the other hand held the telephone into which he was shouting in Russian. I waved hello as I passed through. Nina Stevens, a high-strung, handsome woman, who gives the appearance of being constantly in motion (even when sitting perfectly still), dashed down the hallway shouting instructions in Russian to a kitchen full of perspiring help. Beyond—the loud confused concatenation of cocktail chatter.

"Pajalsta!" "Please!"

The cook projects her great bulk through the crowd by the garden doors. She is carrying shashlik on metal skewers to a blazing outdoor barbecue.

"You know our ambassador, of course?" says Mrs. Stevens. I look across to Ambassador Thompson who is talking to "Chip" Bohlen who, in turn, is talking to the well-known Soviet stage and film director, Gerasimov.

I nod. Nina propelled her way out of the crowd toward her other guests grouped like statuary around the flowering garden, leaving me to help myself to a passing tray of



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vodka. From the schoolyard next door came the sound of a football game.

Someone introduced me to Julian Semenyov, a young writer sporting a Papa Hemingway beard.

"How do you like Moscow?" Semenyov asked.

"A bit dull."

"Can't say I disagree. Just got back from Vietnam myself—*South Vietnam*. . . ."

My ears tuned in to that bit of information.

"Really? Where were you?"

"In the Central Highlands with the front forces," he said.

"Do a lot of walking?"

Semenyov got my point right away. He smiled.

"I won't say how. I won't say where we came from. I can assure you, however, that we did not have the luxury of a helicopter."

Semenyov's intelligent face grew thoughtful. You got the impression that he thought it fine to be home again. But somehow, after guerrilla warfare in the rice paddies, after the Hemingway life with the NLF, there was something a little drab about Moscow. For who, after all, is a greater romantic than a Russian? That is why he makes a first-class revolutionary. I was just about to learn more of Semenyov's Vietnamese travels when Nina returned.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but I've got to introduce a film director you haven't met."

She led me away and presented a severe-looking bald-headed man who was munching a canapé; Mrs. Stevens nodded absently as she left.

"I want to ask you a serious question," he began. "I don't suppose Hollywood would make a film about the life of Tolstoy?"

I waited.

"I mean the real life of Tolstoy. No sex. No violence."

I reached for another passing vodka. "Why not?"

"I don't think Hollywood could do it. You see Tolstoy was a pure and noble man." "On the contrary," I responded, "it sounds very much like a Hollywood project. You'd be surprised how much our two countries have in common these days." I was warming to the theme.

"Really?"

"Walt Disney, for example, specialized in pure and noble themes. And then too, consider *The Sound of Music*."

"Did that film make money?"

"About $40 million at the box office!"

There was a long silence.

"Aahhh . . ." sighed the director, "if only your ruling circles would end this war in Vietnam. Why, we would have so much in common!"

It was shortly after that remark that I noticed Dick Reston had arrived at the party. I excused myself and joined him by the bar.

"Let me get you a drink," I said. In some odd way I was suddenly reminded of Sylvie Kahn's remarks at the Bastille Day party we had both attended. That was a month ago.

"What shall we drink to?" asked Dick.

I thought for a moment.

"How about to Moscow, 1968?"

You can believe the future belongs to Yablomov if you want to, but I believe Sylvie Kahn had it right. There's a sense of longing and loss about this smart new Russia. Voznesensky, a patriot, says it all somewhere:

In finding truths lives vary in daring:
Worms come through holes and bold men on parabolas.

Plain Talk With Vodka

W. E. CHILTON III
Mr. Chilton is publisher of the Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette.

I fancy a number of people all over the Western world still think of themselves as liberals but are in essence no such thing. In their hearts they believe that their society won't and shouldn't change much, that communism is the enemy absolute and that the only tasks open to men of good will are to fight in the cold war with one hand and perform minor benevolent activities with the other. This is a tenable attitude but it's one of people who have given up the intellectual struggle. *Sir Charles P. Snow*

From June 24 to July 10, I traveled with a twenty-two-member American Study Mission the length of the Soviet Union. We entered by boat at Tallinn and departed by boat from Nakhodka, a recently developed port near Vladivostok. In between, we visited Moscow, Samarkand, Tashkent, Alma-Ata, Irkutsk, Bratsk and Khabarovsk.

My first inkling that the Soviet Union was bullying Czechoslovakia more than usual came moments before we docked at Yokohama on the way home. A dour Czechoslovak approached me on deck and proudly inquired what I thought about the Soviet troops leaving his homeland—which intelligence, he had somehow learned, constituted the afternoon headline in Tokyo newspapers. The truth was I hadn't known Russian soldiers in any abnormal quantity were in Czechoslovakia, as news throughout our travels had been largely gleaned out of stray copies of the *London Worker*, no fountain of information.

Yet until it happened, I was convinced that the USSR intended to leave its satellite alone, and most of our party shared this opinion. Nothing in our travels prepared us for the mid-August invasion. To the contrary, all our contacts and associations, with both dedicated party representatives and ordinary citizens, had persuaded us that the booted-heel approach was a discredited, discarded tactic of Soviet statesmanship.

On the ship to Japan most of the group had convened late one morning to submit for general analysis individual impressions of the tour. Almost without exception the consensus was that the Soviet Union was entering a period of stability and growth.

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Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)
"Down with the Establishment!"

To counter the oppressive influence of the Communist Party and its tired elite there was emerging a constituency of technicians who, though apolitical, had to be placated. The mass of Russians, it was felt, now had a stake in the development of their country. Consumer shortages and universal deprivation were no longer acute problems. Although nationalism (Russians are even more chauvinistic than Americans) played too coercive a role in Soviet affairs, the country and the people were sincerely interested in establishing cordial relations with the United States and in promoting an indigenous prosperity.

For those who have returned recently from the USSR the incursion against Czechoslovakia leaves a very acrid taste in the mouth. Were the thousands of miles we traveled a waste of time and money? Were all those splendid frank and private chats with Russians so much verbal flak? Are the Strom Thurmonds of the world right that Communists always lie, that pretext and deceit exemplify the hammer and sickle?

The answer is no, but the Kremlin sure makes the Thurmonds look right, just as President Johnson has brilliantly managed over the past four years to validate the Goldwater response to Vietnam.

I spent two evenings drinking vodka and brandy with Albert Kaar of Tallinn, interpreter and foreign affairs analyst for Estonia's state-operated broadcasting complex. Kaar is a trusted Communist Party member—later in the summer he was to spend a month in England with an Estonian trade exhibit—and a former World War II Red Army officer. I know no Russian, but English is one of six foreign languages Kaar speaks perfectly. Our discussions were frank and far-ranging, and Kaar's knowledge of the world and particularly of the United States impressed me.

There will be, he told me, no unification of Germany until Russians are convinced that Germans have become peace-loving neighbors. His views on the war in Vietnam were more flexible. He admitted that his country was supporting North Vietnam and agreed that Johnson's ordered halt to the bombing of Hanoi was de-escalation, but to my counter suggestion that the North Vietnamese stop rocketing Saigon, he replied he doubted Ho Chi Minh would compress the struggle, because Ho thought he could win. Nothing consequential, Kaar predicted, will happen with respect to the war before November's elections.

Nixon will win the election, said Kaar. He based his forecast on a meeting with an assistant from Sen. Mike Mansfield's office, who had visited Tallinn while touring through the Soviet Union.

Which nation, the Soviet Union or China, I asked, has more influence over Ho?

"That's very difficult to say. Ho used to be dominated by [I missed the name, but it was obvious the person mentioned favored China]. Of late, he's in disfavor. But our influence is minimal at best."

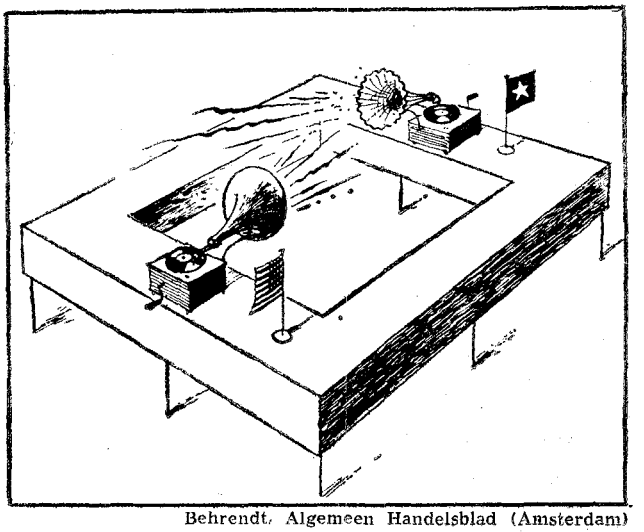
Kaar was especially gloomy about China. I declared that our two nations must bring China into the community of nations. Kaar scornfully asked me how. William F. Buckley, Jr., could not have been more disdainful. Kaar contended China will have a missile delivery capability within five years, perhaps sooner.

Kaar approved of consular treaties with the United States and the mutual opening of airports, but saw no early end to the cold war. Nevertheless, military expenditures disturb him. "A single American fighter plane costs your taxpayers $4 million," he observed. "Development of Russian aircraft comes out of my pocket, too."

He was convinced that the United States is under the dominance of different moneyed power groups and warned that if the Texas-Hunt clique ever came to direct America's destiny, the results would be "calamitous" for the whole world. As a solution to any problem, war is out, insisted Kaar, and nuclear war is unthinkable. "If it comes," he said, "I hope I'm at the epicenter."

In Moscow our group met with a dozen members of the Union of Soviet Journalists. The official meeting, at which were served soft drinks, coffee and strawberries in a huge glass bowl with refined sugar on the side, soon deteriorated into a heated controversy regarding the functions of the press. We stressed freedom; the Russians emphasized responsibility.

Respecting the latter, the Soviet chairman spoke of the flood of hate literature constantly circulating through the



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)
Talks on Vietnam . . . .

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United States. He mentioned a Walter Lippmann column which had suggested that the inordinate violence prevalent in the United States might be partially attributed to such volatile rubbish. Would those Americans present, he asked, regard the muzzling of irresponsible and incendiary printed material an imposition upon press freedom?

After the formal meeting I conversed with Serguei N. Vichnevski, a *Pravda* correspondent just back from six years in Washington. The business card he handed me listed his Connecticut Avenue address and phone number. Vichnevski has the easy, confident manner of an All-American fullback who subsequently won a Rhodes Scholarship.

He readily admitted that the Soviet press doesn't criticize the Soviet system, but suggested, in turn, that American newspapers rarely assault the basic premises of free enterprise. Aspects of the system may be condemned, but never the system itself.

I asked Vichnevski if he knew Art Buchwald. The name drew a smile. He said he and Buchwald exchanged messages written in red ink. I inquired if he'd read a column of Buchwald's which described the CIA and the KVG as living one off the other, and which suggested that if either went out of business, the other would soon go.

He laughed, saying he'd missed that one. Buchwald, he added, was extremely popular in the USSR, and his columns were frequently reprinted. I asked whether that column could be. "No," he replied, "we can criticize the system in conversation but not in print."

Did he think, I inquired, that the Russian press would be criticizing the system twenty years hence? He avoided a direct answer, saying he had after a long absence from his country noticed a marked change in conditions. The private citizen, he stated, was much freer and felt much freer: People no longer worried that the secret police might be standing behind them, listening to everything said. Then he changed the subject, remarking that the Soviet Union had no Art Buchwald, and what a shame it was because someone with his incisive humor was greatly needed.

Speaking as a private citizen and echoing no official policy, Vichnevski said he was extremely pessimistic about the Vietnamese War. He foresaw no termination date. Ho Chi Minh, he thought, believes he can win. On the other hand the United States can't possibly emerge as victor without committing enough troops to occupy South Vietnam. Vichnevski admitted he knew of no practical step the United States could take to disengage, to win, or to dissuade Ho from his present policy.

After another formal session—this one with employees of the Novosti Press Agency, a state-owned, glorified public relations service—I talked briefly with another Russian. What was the likelihood, I asked, that a responsible political opposition will arise in the Soviet Union? By way of illustration, I referred to Czechoslovakia.

My informant gently reminded me that the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia and their peoples have entirely different backgrounds and institutions. Nevertheless, he added, in its own fashion—the quote is almost direct—a development in the Soviet Union not unlike that which has occurred in Czechoslovakia will happen. "It must happen," he said.

Most surprising to our group was the lack of criticism we encountered on the issue of Vietnam. We were rarely challenged about the war. When we were, and our questioners were asked how the United States might best extricate itself, the responses were inevitably a dispirited "I don't know" or a despairing shrug of the shoulders.

In Irkutsk one night following dinner, three of us were joined by a Soviet naval officer. Because of the language obstacle the traffic in toasts was considerably heavier than the exchange of ideas, but the word "Vietnam" was dropped. The officer promptly grabbed every American hand in sight, placed one atop the other, covered the lot of them with his own hands, shook the pile, and in boozy tones made it evident that he approved wholeheartedly of what the United States was doing there.

Maybe Buchwald ought to write another column about symbiosis, dealing this time with the Soviet and U.S. military.

Kremlin Seismograph

SIDNEY I. PLOSS

Mr. Ploss, an associate research professor of international affairs at George Washington University, is the author of Conflict and Decision-Making in Soviet Russia *(Princeton University Press).*

The brief revival of free speech in Czechoslovakia during 1968 gave to that country's intellectuals a chance to speak out frankly about the politics of totalitarianism. It could be said publicly that under Communist Party rule the process of choosing between different methods of solving national problems takes the devious form of "lobby conspiracies" and "palace revolutions." Vaclav Havel, a Czech writer and playwright, who argued for the creation of free political institutions, further pointed to the element of surprise which is built into the Communist mechanism of secretive politics. "The competition for power," observed Havel, "which disappeared as an open phenomenon some time ago, suddenly reappears and strikes in every direction, all the more cunningly and dangerously because it is hidden."

This generalization certainly applied to the political situation in the USSR after the death of Stalin. A series of dramatic shifts at the highest level of government resulted from fierce struggles over power and policy which until the last moment were concealed from the general public. Today a seeming calm hangs over the surface of

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political life in Moscow. The former subordinates of Nikita S. Khrushchev wield his former vast power on a more or less equal basis and maintain an appearance of unity. There have been no big shake-ups in the Kremlin's latest version of "collective leadership."

But does this outward serenity betoken a change of the inner climate of rivalry and intrigue in which Soviet chiefs have always moved? Or are powerful tensions rising once more behind a false front of oligarchic solidarity? The questions are worth exploring because struggles for power in Moscow are invariably fought out on grounds of policy, and in the past this has made Soviet official conduct notably unpredictable.

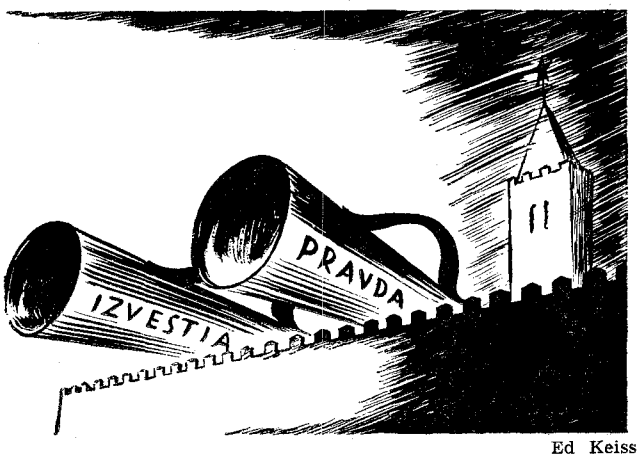
Actually, not a few policy surprises have originated from behind the Kremlin wall during recent months. A careful reading of the Soviet press suggests that the four-year collective leadership is deeply divided on a number of key issues. Sharply contradictory utterances give reason to believe that debates are occurring over such questions as whether to concentrate investment resources on heavy industrial or consumer goods; the relationship of party organizers to state administrators in the management of economic affairs; the position to be taken in evaluating the historical role of Stalin, whose name is a blazing symbol of centralized authority and social discipline, and of course of anti-Americanism; and the prospects for reaching arms limitation settlements with the United States.

All major governments have to make difficult decisions on budget outlays in order to meet their responsibilities for promoting social welfare and national security. The long-standing policy in the Soviet system of planned economy has been to place great emphasis on basic and military goods. The share of the gross national product devoted to spending on heavy and defense industry has indeed been so large as to depress the level of individual consumption to less than half that in Western Europe and to about one-quarter of what it is in America. The plight of the ordinary consumer has been a little eased in recent years, but the regional and rural markets still lack the simplest household goods. An official decree authorizing emergency measures in 1966 grossly understated the case when it noted that "the working people are not always able to buy in shops the necessary clothing, footwear, building materials, utensils, furniture, refrigerators and certain other commodities."

An unorthodox decision was finally taken in October, 1967, to manufacture consumer goods at a higher rate than producer goods for no more than one year. The word was that increases in wages and salaries had put into the hands of citizens more money than they could spend; a temporary increase of everyday necessities would check inflationary pressures.

This new attention to consumer goods appealed to members of the bureaucratic elite who were professionally concerned about the grave economic imbalances arising from decades of military industrialization. Only a few weeks after the announcement the magazine of the State Planning Committee featured an article which tacitly advised the continued emphasis on light industrial development beyond 1968. It affirmed that skillful management would enable the Soviet "to develop the output of consumer goods at the very same rates as the output of capital goods, or even at higher rates, for not only one year but for a longer period as well."

Accumulating evidence indicates that Premier Alexei N. Kosygin, the Politburo's overlord of the economy, shares this heretical solicitude for the consumer. Addressing a gathering of local government officials in the Kremlin on December 25, 1967, Kosygin called for "special" attention to an upswing of the light and food industries and "satisfaction of the population's demand for goods of various assortment." He further associated himself with the consumer goods position when he addressed a party rally in Minsk last February. Looking forward to the drafting of the next Five Year Plan, the Premier hailed "new tendencies" in economic life, chiefly the closing of the huge gap which separated the growth rates of light and heavy industry. "We must fully solve the problem of uninterrupted supply of the population with varied foodstuffs, clothing and other consumer goods." Similar words were once uttered by Kosygin's fallen predecessors, Malenkov and Khrushchev.



Ed Keiss

Amplifiers of the Kremlin Voice

In line with these reformist pronouncements, the journal of the State Planning Committee published in March a favorable review of a book written under the supervision of one of its editors, A. N. Yefimov, which polemicized that "neither in the theory nor practice of long-term planning can we deny the possibility of equal rates of development of heavy and light industry, or even the predominant growth of light industry for certain periods." This refreshing viewpoint was supported at an All-Union economics conference held in May, where, according to *Izvestia*, the participants were sure that "the branches of our industry which manufacture consumer goods have attained a solid foundation for rapid development."

This flirting by Kosygin and his fellow technicians in the state bureaucracy with a Western type of economy has drawn markedly hostile reactions from others in the power structure. Leonid I. Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Communist Party, has openly aligned himself with those who hold to the belief that the regime's survival depends on a further build-up of military-industrial potential.

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Only a few weeks after the decision was made to accelerate light industry, threatening lessons were preached by party "historians" at work in the ideological branches of Brezhnev's General Secretariat. They recalled Malenkov's unavailing effort in 1953-54 to equalize for some time the growth rates of heavy and light industry, and pointedly added that this error was remembered at the Central Committee meeting of June, 1957, which expelled Malenkov from the party's ruling councils.

In striking contrast to Kosygin's moderate remarks of February, Brezhnev that same month toughly came out for "preserving the accelerated development of heavy industry as the basis of our industrial might." He advised that the Soviet Union had to increase its steel production by another 22 million tons within three years, bringing to mind Khrushchev's abuse of "some comrades" who had "developed an appetite for giving the country as much metal as possible," even if the consumer had to go begging. Deploring Kosygin's prescription of consumer stimulants to labor productivity, the party leader asserted on March 29 that "it would be wrong to reduce everything to material incentives; this would impoverish the inner world of Soviet man."

After Brezhnev's defense-minded rhetoric, the cause of heavy industry was taken up by the press organs nearest to central party headquarters. The editors of the party magazine, *Kommunist*, for example, ran an attack by the orthodox economist Anatoly I. Pashkov on "certain economists" who challenged the thesis of absolute primacy for heavy industry. The same periodical has carried a directive article for social scientists by Pyotr N. Demichev, a central party secretary whose fortunes have fared well under Brezhnev. "We must," instructed Demichev, "give thought to the matter of keeping our economy, particularly *heavy industry*, constantly on the level of present-day demands, so that it will insure a reliable base for further development of productive life and defense" (italics added). Party historians, again demonstrating their taste for political parallels, reminisced about how the main architect of Stalin's first Five Year Plan virtuously battled for "the rapid growth of heavy industry" against state experts who mistakenly advocated "cotton-dress industrialization."

The views of army leaders on the allocations dispute are also expressed in tones that suggest nostalgia for the iron rule of Stalin. The military newspaper *Red Star* has warned that any who would cast doubt upon the wisdom of conserving the time-honored investment pattern threaten to undermine the foundations of national power.

Brezhnev and Kosygin have not escaped personal involvement in the conflict between party and state officials which has always plagued the Soviet system of government. The interest of party organizers lies in their control of economic decision making and bureaucratic appointments, regardless of efficiency. The state technical experts strive for the right independently to manage the economy, and to select personnel without reference to dogmatic political criteria.

In January, Kosygin made an inspection trip to Tyumen Province, where his ministerial subordinates were defying Brezhnev's party controllers. A subsequent report in the party daily *Pravda* upheld the local party secretary by giving wide publicity to his complaint that state technicians "do not consult with us about the recruiting and placing of cadres and are therefore making gross mistakes." In March, Brezhnev himself questioned the integrity of Kosygin's apparatus during a speech to the Moscow party conference, in which he emphasized the dominant role of the party machine. The same gathering was notified that leaders of the Ministry of the Radio Industry did not always heed the opinion of party bodies when promoting and assigning personnel. This frank talk may be taken to reflect the increased vitality and self-assurance of modernizing social groups on the Soviet scene, as well as the ferocity of the party Establishment's defense of its traditional prerogatives.

The Stalin question became an outstanding issue of public life early in 1968. A group of intellectuals in Moscow then circulated an appeal calling for preventive measures against "the impending danger of new Stalins." The authors of this remarkable letter deplored as cynical lawlessness the recent trials of independently minded young people on charges of subverting the regime. The revival of honor to Stalin's name in official media was deplored, as was the ban on literary works which turn attention to the crimes of the Stalin era. "What is most humiliating," said the protesters, "regular surveillance in all its forms has become a part of daily life for quite a few Soviet people."

This forced a wide recognition of the fact that there were groups in the country who applauded the gradual restoration of Stalinism. The reactionaries included officials alarmed by the loosening of disciplinary bonds ("people with an obsequious yen for a strong man"). A second group reportedly consisted of the late dictator's henchmen, "who have sought vindication of what was their own conduct in the not so distant past." The petition's allusion to "people with remnants of perverted nationalist sentiments" indicated that anti-Semites in the bureaucracy also hankered for bygone times.

There is every reason to believe that hounding of loyal citizens who speak out for what they see as historical truth and social justice has been instigated by special policy factions organized around party chief Brezhnev. The propaganda machinery at the disposal of the General Secretariat has been increasingly used to inflame latent pro-Stalinist feeling in the ranks of officialdom. A second clique that has pressed for the rehabilitation of Stalin is made up of army leaders. Responsible for morale of the military, the generals are disturbed by the spread of pacifist sentiment among younger citizens. The brass frowns also upon the mood of political skepticism that took root after Khrushchev's sensational exposés of high-level criminality during the reign of Stalin.

The alliance of party and military die-hards on the Stalin question is particularly evident in the newspaper *Soviet Russia*. This organ of Brezhnev's party headquarters recently featured a significant review of the wartime memoirs of Army Gen. Sergei M. Shtemenko. An alleged target of the spurious Jewish "Doctors' Plot," which Stalin fabricated early in 1953 as a pretext for purging opposi-

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tionists, Shtemenko was demoted after the death of Stalin and vanished from public view for three years. He re-emerged on the eve of the radical decision to crush the Hungarian revolution in 1956, and was later named to secondary posts. (Shtemenko was appointed chief of staff of the Warsaw Treaty Organization a few weeks before the invasion of Czechoslovakia last August, which once more pointed up the connection of organizational and policy questions.) Now the party apparatus warmly endorses Shtemenko's book for its account of Stalin's allegedly courageous and confident direction of military operations.

Liberalizing critics of Stalinism were reproached by *Soviet Russia* in an ensuing survey of war fiction. The review dissociated Stalin's purge of talented Red Army commanders in 1937 from Soviet military defeats in the first year of the Russo-German war. It heaped scorn upon freedom writers who depict brutal agents of the Generalissimo's military police, and generously forgive Soviet soldiers who allowed themselves to fall into German captivity. "Such actions," declared the party newspaper, "make it difficult to instill patriotic feelings in Soviet people during the present tense international situation, when we must keep our powder dry."

On the other hand, lavish praise of Stalin is seldom seen in the governmental newspaper *Izvestia*. Managing news in tune with the wishes of Kosygin, *Izvestia* a short time ago even commemorated the birthday of the Jewish Communist Solomon A. Lozovsky, whom the secret police arrested on trumped-up charges and put to death in 1952.

The Brezhnev-Kosygin disagreement over economics was certain to spill over into foreign policy. The Kremlin habitually justifies its allocation of huge amounts of goods and services to defense on the ground of meeting the threat of "American imperialism." Any leader who wishes to reorder economic priorities along genuinely peaceful lines would have to demonstrate to his colleagues that agreement is possible between Moscow and Washington on vital matters of common interest.

The U.S.-Soviet accord to sign a treaty halting the spread of nuclear weapons, reached in July, gave Kosygin an opening to test American intentions. The Politburo was evidently of one mind about the desirability of the nuclear treaty, insofar as it would help to keep super-weapons beyond the reach of West Germany. But divergent estimates of the importance of the nonproliferation treaty soon broke through to the surface. Brezhnev referred guardedly to "a document of peace which is aimed at reducing the danger of nuclear war." Kosygin more confidently declared that the compact "is aimed at reducing, *and unquestionably will reduce,* the danger of nuclear war" (italics added). Brezhnev's cautious evaluation of the latest step to improve relations with the West was in effect a vote to "keep our powder dry," and maintain a high level of defense spending. The brighter world outlook of Kosygin left room for maneuver in the area of investment strategy.

Information now at hand suggests that the coalition of diverse personalities which was put together in October, 1964, for the sake of driving out Khrushchev is probably breaking down. Premier Kosygin, who grapples daily with the realities of a top-heavy economy, has moved to bring into symmetry the competing interests of production and consumption. The Premier and his reformist followers have also found it expedient to downgrade the merits of Stalin, and search for ways to reduce global tensions. The managerial class for which Kosygin speaks is, of course, Communist in the sense that its members are dedicated to the principles of planned economy and single-party rule. But the managers' immersion in practical affairs inclines them toward less doctrinaire solutions to problems of government than is the case with the watchdogs and theorists of the Communist Party apparatus. The party staff, led by Brezhnev, has vigorously responded to the technocratic challenge. It has brandished the outmoded slogans of "discipline" and "vigilance," and boasts of past factional triumphs over forward-looking rivals. The great diversity of political conceptions in this struggle makes it likely that the next Kremlin power play will be even more consequential than Khrushchev's removal just four years ago.

POLITICS OF VANDALISM

STANLEY COHEN

Mr. Cohen, lecturer in sociology at the University of Durham, England, has been working for the past four years in the area of social reaction to various forms of deviant behavior.

All disciplines tend to have an underground of theory which challenges the traditional ways of studying their subject matter, the ways ensconced in undergraduate courses, textbooks and professional journals. This underground—like similar movements in the arts—in time becomes fashionable, goes through a period of vulgarization and is eventually absorbed into the traditions of the discipline. Such a process can be observed in the fields of criminology and the sociology of deviance, with the gradual emergence from the underground of what has been called "transactional" or "labeling" theory.

This approach, which owes much to the work of Edwin Lemert and Howard Becker, assumes that deviant behavior is a transactional process between the deviant and the community. Deviant behavior is not a static category: an act must be so labeled by others. This means that the sociologist should be on guard when society (or powerful groups in society) designates certain behavior problematic or deviant. In regard to some forms of mental illness, for example, R. D. Laing has suggested that the labeling can be seen to involve a *political* decision: somebody (who has power, influence or status) acts in such a way that

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somebody else is defined as mad. In discussing vandalism, I want to use this term "political" in the very broad sense that Laing adopts. In a narrower sense, it is apparent that the label one attaches to certain forms of behavior is affected by one's political position: to some, members of an African nationalist group who sabotage a power station in Rhodesia are "freedom fighters"; to others, they are "terrorists."

The first point, then, to make about vandalism is that it is an emotive label, attached to certain forms of behavior only under certain conditions. The term has its origin in the practices of the Vandals, an East Germanic tribe that invaded Western Europe in the fourth and fifth centuries, and eventually sacked Rome in 455. They were regarded as the great destroyers of Roman art, civilization and literature and the term "vandal" was broadened in the 17th century to refer to anyone who recklessly destroyed property, particularly works of art. Vandalism is currently defined by dictionaries as "ruthless destruction or spoiling of anything beautiful or venerable." The vandalism that criminologists study (for example, a group of youths smashing the furniture of a classroom) or the vandalism defined more as "political" than "criminal" and which conveys evident ideological overtones (for example, burning shop interiors during racial disturbances, or stoning embassy windows during a demonstration) seems far removed from the etymological origins of the term. Nevertheless, these origins continue to make an effect: the adjectives which the behavior of the original Vandals conjure up—barbarous, willful, ignorant, cruel—remain part of the stereotype of contemporary vandalism. They are used in a political context in order to justify action against the deviant.

In many cases, of course, the deviant does not accept this description. To him, his acts are not reckless and witless but eminently sensible. As with the Luddites of the early 18th century, property destruction (in their case, machine breaking) may be a deliberate act of protest. Economic historians have done much to dispel the stereotype of Luddism as being "pointless" and "frenzied" or a mere "overflow of high spirits."

Eric Hobsbawm's distinction between two types of machine breaking—"collective bargaining by riot," which under some conditions was a normal way of putting pressure on employers, and the destruction which expressed working-class anger against the new machines of the Industrial Revolution—has more relevance to contemporary forms of vandalism than at first appears. Newspaper accounts and reports by the two commissions on racial disturbances in American cities over the past few years seem to make it evident that most of the property destruction was patterned and, in a sense, "rational." The targets chosen were not arbitrary. For instance, the 1968 Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders states: "In at least nine of the cities studied, the damage seems to have been, at least in part, the result of deliberate attacks on white-owned businesses, characterized in the Negro community as unfair or disrespectful toward Negroes." Even if the targets were arbitrary, there is no denying that, in a society dominated by consumption, those who are denied access to the "goodies" operate by a kind of logic when they destroy whatever they can get their hands on. As one analysis of the 1965 Watts riots expressed it: "The man who destroys commodities shows his human superiority over commodities." One does not have to accept this statement, with its somewhat dangerous implications, to make the simple point that to characterize property destruction—whether it is pulling up the paving stones of Paris, breaking embassy windows in Jakarta, or wrecking a slum-area store in Los Angeles—with a phrase like "reckless, ignorant vandalism" is a political judgment. It means that one denies the legitimacy of the motives behind the behavior, and it also justifies punitive measures, which themselves might be "reckless" and "ignorant."

Vandalism raises very starkly the problem of problems: what we call a social problem has objective elements (people are killed, property is damaged, the air is contaminated, the streets are congested, children die of malnutrition), but also a subjective element: the perception and assertion by certain people that "something should be done." Many forms of illegal property destruction are not so judged. Only a few weeks ago, students at Keble College, Oxford, taking part in a traditional celebration after boat races, caused about £1,000 damage. A boat worth £600 was burned, and the blaze was supplemented by property such as chairs, tables and books, including some looted from the rooms of students opposed to the whole ritual. None of this was reported in the mass media. Tolerance for such behavior is highly arbitrary and again illustrates a political process: painting "Beat Fink College" on a wall is not vandalism, painting "Stop Making Bombs" is. Many forms of vandalism never become defined as problematic, because they are invisible: they might occur within the confines of an institution such as a factory, hospital or school. Other forms are similarly overlooked because they occur with a certain regularity and individually are quite trivial. An example would be the defacement of walls of public toilets with various forms of graffiti: in England at least, one would be extremely surprised to find bare walls in the toilets of, say, a public bar. These forms of vandalism get defined as problematic only when somebody says "Look, it's getting beyond a joke" or "Things are going too far."

Turning back to the more conventional forms of vandalism—to destruction "pure and simple"—it is important to note that the behavior is labeled, by social scientists and the public alike, by terms that from the start obscure any attempts to understand the phenomenon. The most commonly used labels are "wanton," "aimless," "pointless," "senseless," "malicious" or "meaningless." These adjectives, in turn, serve to justify particular forms of social control. Society says, in effect, "if you do such meaningless things, don't ask us to be meaningful in what we say or do about you." But is conventional vandalism so meaningless?

Studying juvenile vandalism some years ago, John Martin distinguished three types of vandalism: predatory, vindictive and wanton. The first type refers to crimes such as stealing lead and tin from roofs, smashing and looting parking meters, slot machines and telephone coin boxes.

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This should perhaps not even be classified as vandalism, since the damage is incidental to the end of theft. But the wreckage is disproportionate to the possible gain, and the public confuses the issue by habitually referring to such delinquency as "damage for its own sake."

The same confusion between instrumental and expressive activity may be seen in regard to vindictive vandalism. Here, the main motive is to express antagonism and hatred toward particular individuals or groups. Property might be damaged to settle a particular grievance; for example,

the premises of a youth club might be smashed up by a gang excluded by the club leader. A school may be broken into by its own pupils as an act of revenge or protest. Recent research in a British school revealed an interesting side light to such incidents: when the pupils broke in, they smashed up their *own* desks. The damage might also be related to minority-group conflict: for example, symbolically important property such as a synagogue or cemetery is defaced, or the windows are broken in the house of a Negro moving into a white neighborhood. Again, the grievances behind these acts—whether or not they are legitimate—are obscured by using the phrase "damage for its own sake."

Martin's third category, wanton vandalism, includes all those acts which do not fit into the other categories, but even these acts may not be as wanton as the label implies. For one thing, the ownership and identity of the property is not irrelevant: most targets of vandalism tend to be public property. It might also be property, which in certain neighborhoods is regarded as fair game, for example, derelict houses or houses under construction. Damage of this sort is admittedly often carried out purely for excitement; this may or may not seem to be an acceptable motive, but a motive it is. Minor acts of vandalism, particularly by small children, are often committed as part of a game; such acts are easily rationalized by their authors because no one is hurt and no property stolen. The self-image of such offenders is unlikely to correspond to the public definitions of them.

The overt characteristics of vandalism—for example, the targets that are chosen—may give a misleading impression of what the act means. In his study of gangs in *Midcity*, Walter Miller has shown that much gang vandalism, instead of being a random outpouring of accumulated aggression, is often very specific. On the other hand, one should be wary of reading into certain types of vandalism, which look to be obviously ideological, motives that don't exist. Studies of the 1960 swastika daubings in America show that a fair proportion of the offenders were not particularly anti-Semitic and were carried away by the wave of publicity and hysteria which surrounded the incidents. Incidents of vandalism occurring at the same time but totally unrelated are sometimes given a degree of organization and a centralized planning that never existed.

Politicians are particularly given to advancing conspiratorial theories for such incidents: this leads to scapegoating, victimization and other such maneuvers. Vandalism is often erroneously attributed to mental disturbance, particularly when the form of damage appears to be somewhat bizarre or the target is particularly emotive. Writing or chipping names on the walls of public buildings is a practice that dates back for centuries: it is recorded that on the walls of Pompeii slogans were written, such as "Good Luck to Comrade Proculus" and "Vibius Restitus Slept Here." When, however, in 1965 the names "Andy" and "Dell" were scratched on the Kennedy Memorial at Runnymede, there was a vast public outcry, in which the offenders were thought to be part of some obscure political plot, or else simply "mad."

When society defines certain people as outsiders, it needs to emphasize the ways in which such people are different from the insiders, who are normal. Thus criminals are not just people who have broken the law; they are also generally dangerous and not to be trusted. Narcotics addicts don't just take drugs; they are "dope fiends," vicious, degenerate and dirty. To stress the discontinuity between deviance and normality gives a feeling of security; the difference becomes clear-cut between good and bad (or, to be more up to date, between "healthy" and "sick"). It is more disturbing to entertain such a view as that advanced by David Matza that much adolescent behavior—and vandalism would seem a good example—is a caricature rather than an inversion or repudiation of middle-class conformist culture. There is an interchange between the conventional and deviant traditions of society as shown, for example, in the ambivalence of most adults (in private) to many forms of youthful misconduct. It needs no subtle Freudian interpretation to suggest that much adult denunciation of teen-age sexual permissiveness is accompanied by a degree of envy.

Similarly, the values associated with juvenile vandalism and thought to be peculiar to delinquents, such as the search for excitement and kicks, the high regard for toughness and aggression, might reflect values running through the whole society. The adolescent is easily stigmatized as a violent hoodlum or an irresponsible hedonist and, as Edgar Friedenberg has pointed out, many adults use the terms "adolescent" and "delinquent" almost interchangeably. But there is, after all, nothing peculiarly adolescent in the

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violence and vandalism of James Bond movies, or for that matter, of real life.

I have not tried here to explain vandalism. This does not mean that I consider attempts at such explanations irrelevant: rather that one must first be sure of *what* one is explaining. The usual terms used to describe various forms of vandalism obscure and discredit what may be the real explanations: if a boy breaks into his school and smashes up the classrooms because he has a grievance against the teachers, it is no help to call his behavior "wanton" and "pointless." The only end such labels serve is the teacher's need to hold himself blameless. Most research into school vandalism indicates, in fact, that there *is* something wrong with the school that is damaged. The highest rates of school vandalism tend to occur in schools with obsolete facilities and equipment, low staff morale and high dissatisfaction and boredom among the pupils.

The final point I'd make is that, by using the labeling perspective, I do not imply that vandalism exists only "in the mind of the beholder." That would be patently ridiculous, especially to anyone given the available figures for the cost of damage from conventional vandalism in its many forms: street lamps broken, windows smashed, public buildings defaced, fixtures on trains and buses broken, and so on. Such damage not only entails a financial loss but is a symbolic threat to a society which places high value on property. Particular forms of vandalism also threaten accepted values about the resolution of political, racial and religious conflict. Yet other forms of vandalism may lead to loss of life as well as property: trains have been derailed by obstacles placed on the railway lines, often by very young children; calls for medical help have been delayed because public phone boxes have been damaged.

One must guard against the vulgarization referred to earlier that leads people to assert, for example, that nobody is really mentally ill; they are just passive victims of conspiracies organized by their families and abetted by wicked psychiatrists. The view I have illustrated—somewhat unsystematically—in regard to vandalism simply supports the point that Lemert makes: while traditional sociology rests on the idea that deviance leads to social control, the reverse idea—that social control leads to deviance—"is equally tenable and the potentially richer premise for studying deviance in modern society." One must aim at a truly transactional view of deviance and social problems, so that the political processes whereby certain forms of behavior and certain people become defined as deviant can be considered along with the ways in which persons respond to these labels and social problems are shaped because of them.

HARRY GOLDEN

Rolling Wood is a predominantly white residential neighborhood in Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. It was a peaceful enclave until Mr. and Mrs. Caple and their two children moved in at 2517 Remington Road, and then the trouble began.

The Caples are Negroes. Mr. Caple came to Raleigh to teach drama at Shaw University, a Negro school, where Mrs. Caple, too, is a teacher. They have been harassed and threatened since they moved in with a nine-months' lease.

First their garbage was dumped on their lawn, then came the speeding cars whose white occupants shouted obscenities and "Nigger go home." This was followed by the burning of Horace Caple in effigy. The couple's two children are bewildered. The little boy of 4 does not understand, but the 12-year-old girl understands well enough; she often goes into fits of crying.

When it was learned that Mrs. Pat Juby, the white real estate lady who had rented the house to the Caples, had been threatened, Mrs. Caple broke down completely and Mr. Caple decided to arm himself.

The pattern of life is changing for the Caples. They live in constant fear and always go out together. The police are keeping vigil at the Caple residence but the Caples feel that they must move and the officials at Shaw University are looking around for another house for them. The police, too, have suggested that the Caples move out.

That is the picture of "open housing" in North Carolina. A letter was sent to all white residents of Rolling Wood, expressing "sorrow for the misfortune of the invasion of our neighborhood."

"The Negro block busters are wards of the federal government," said the letter, adding: "The niggers are protected by the government and the open housing law." A poster distributed to the white residents warned, "We have to watch for any more contamination of our neighborhood."

Governor Wallace has encouraged these white people with his statement against open housing, and so has Mr. Nixon with his lukewarm references to the housing law. Both candidates for governor of North Carolina, James Gardner, the Republican, and Bob Scott, the Democrat, have stated that they will not support "open housing." All this despite the reasonable editorials by Jonathan Daniels in his liberal paper, the *Raleigh News and Observer.*

Meanwhile, the speeding cars circle the Caple home and Mr. Caple says, "I didn't realize how much hatred exists in this world."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

McNamara: The Glacial Technocrat

THE ESSENCE OF SECURITY. *By Robert S. McNamara. Harper & Row. 176 pp. $4.95.*

TOM J. FARER
Mr. Farer is an assistant professor of law at Columbia University and was formerly special assistant to the general counsel, United States Department of Defense.

Early in his extraordinary study of Luther, Erik Erikson reminds us that

> In the evaluation of the dominant moods of any historical period it is important to hold fast to the fact that there are always islands of self-sufficient order—on farms and in castles, in homes, studies, and cloisters—where sensible people manage to live relatively lusty and decent lives: as moral as they must be, as free as they may be, and as masterly as they can be. If we only knew it, this elusive arrangement *is* happiness.

When I worked there during the Kennedy era, the office of the Secretary of Defense seemed just such an island. We were zestful, moved by a controlled excitement, occasionally even euphoric, not with any crass sense of power but with vistas of the elimination of nuclear terror by means of the systematic application of human reason. We were true believers, and McNamara was our prophet.

It was difficult for those who were not in government at the time to perceive, through the curtain of martial statistics, McNamara's consuming dedication to reducing the threat of nuclear war and, beyond that, to altering the tone and terms of our acerb dialogue with the principal centers of Communist power. Although there is substantial evidence of this dedication in *The Essence of Security,* the balance of both its form and substance can only strengthen the conception of McNamara as a glacial technocrat ultimately deficient in intellectual vision and moral passion. Unduly influenced, perhaps, by the residue of true belief, I found the book obscuring its author. It does, however, reflect with disturbing clarity the fundamental presuppositions of American foreign policy since the inauguration of John F. Kennedy.

As McNamara notes, the administration began with "a general reassessment of our military forces in relation to our national security policies and objectives." There is here no suggestion that "our national security policies and objectives" also were reassessed. There were ample deterrents to a fresh view, personified by the *eminences grises* of foreign policy—Acheson, Lovett and McCloy—who provided continuity with the earliest days of the cold war. Although holding no official position, their opinions were periodically received and, I think one can assume, with some deference. And when these paladins of Eastern respectability were not available in person, that Southern beneficiary of Establishment patronage, the Secretary of State, was likely to express comparable views in the detached incisive style which has fueled his career.

To be fair, even in retrospect it is hard to make any case for the proposition that a difference in influential personnel could or should have modified national objectives in Europe or the commitment to an invulnerable, second-strike nuclear capability. It was with respect to our policies in the Third World that the continuity of assumption proved disastrous.

With a relish and capacity which dwarfed mere competence, the Secretary of Defense began to reshape the military instruments which were to serve the President's policies. Although the missile gap from which the President had fashioned a campaign shillelagh was revealed as the fevered distortion of certain intelligence estimates, Kennedy and McNamara, in order to hedge against the possible future build-up of the Soviet missile force, initiated an enormous missile production program. "Despite the retirement of all the Atlases and Titan I's, the number of land-based ICBMs increased from 28 at mid-1961 to 1,054 by mid-1967." The administration also added most of the forty-one Polaris submarines carrying 656 missile launchers which now are part of our nuclear arsenal.

No one in the administration regarded this build-up as provocative to the Russians, because the quantitative changes were accompanied by qualitative ones—the deployment of solid-fuel missiles underground and underwater, and improvements in the mechanisms of command and control—which provided us with a second-strike capability under any then (or now) foreseeable circumstances. It was clear to the administration that that capability would eliminate a dangerous temptation for a pre-emptive strike in a moment of crisis and the President and his advisers apparently assumed that the virtues of this arrangement would be equally clear to the Soviet Union.

While the elimination of one first-strike incentive may have been reassuring to the Kremlin (a rather speculative matter particularly in light of the comparatively low order of nuclear sophistication then evidenced by Soviet writing), the coincident enhancement of our assured destruction capability in the event of a decision to strike first was bound to be traumatic for Soviet military planners who doubtlessly were at least as concerned about the security of *their own* retaliatory second-strike forces as they were about any United States temptations generated by the possible insecurity of its forces.

As early as 1963, "using the realistic measurement of the number of warheads available . . . which could be delivered with accuracy and effectiveness on appropriate targets in the United States or the Soviet Union," the United States possessed a superiority over the Soviet Union of at least 3 or 4 to 1. Soviet fears may have been aggravated by the Secretary's reference in one or two speeches to the possible merits of a counterforce strategy, that is, a conscious policy of targeting weapons rather than population centers. Although the suggestion was not specifically keyed to a first-strike option—indeed was probably motivated by concern over the potential consequences of an inadvertent nuclear exchange—it may have had that connotation for the Russians, since it would be folly for the smaller nuclear power to initiate a counterforce exchange with the larger on a 1-for-1 basis.

One of McNamara's most attractive qualities, his natural candor, is here in evidence when he concedes that

> our current numerical superiority over the Soviet Union in reliable, accurate and effective warheads is both greater than we had originally planned and more than we require. In the larger equation of security our superiority is of limited significance, for even with our current superiority, or indeed with any numerical superiority realistically attainable, the blunt, inescapable fact remains that the Soviet Union, with its present forces, could still effectively destroy the United States, even after absorbing the full weight of an Amer-

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GETTING THE PICTURE

Holding her naked child, she squats
beyond words. Columns of newsprint
break ranks at her, go around.

She is young as old madonnas, foreign
like them, but her skin
is bone-tight, her bare feet wrung

tight to the tramped-down dirt
she seems to be trying to get into. She cries
something we can't hear; her

eyes glitter and her baby dangles
until her howl, life-size,
is a black hole eating outward like napalm, until,

too close, she draws past, blows up. Words
are huge on the page, but machines have arranged
ink dots in a cloud where a woman was.

NANCY PRICE

ican first strike. . . . [For this reason] a substantial numerical superiority of weapons today does not effectively translate into political control or diplomatic leverage.

This was the first lesson he attempted to communicate to a recalcitrant Congress. The second proposition the Secretary sought to convert into an accepted maxim on Capitol Hill was the apparent truism that "the Soviet Union and the United States mutually influence one another's strategic plans." Essentially as a corollary to these propositions McNamara held that it was not *ipso facto* necessary for the United States to acquire every weapon which turned up in the Soviet arsenal. Before selecting any weapons system, he warned, we must ask whether it is required to maintain our assured second-strike capability and must evaluate the expected Soviet reaction to acquisition. In this connection McNamara builds a devastating case against a Soviet-oriented anti-ballistic missile system, while reserving for an Appendix his notably halfhearted defense of the light, allegedly anti-Chinese, system for which funds have already been appropriated.

In his writing, as in office, the Secretary displays an impressive grasp of our nuclear problems. The complexities of deterrence and the limitations of nuclear power are presented in prose admirable for its brevity, clarity and force. There is, however, one slightly disconcerting omission. While frankly conceding "that if we had had more accurate information about planned Soviet strategic forces, we simply would not have needed to build as large a nuclear arsenal as we have today," McNamara does not indicate why we completed the build-up *after* we had acquired a far more accurate assessment of the Soviet weapons program. I suspect that at least part of the problem is the cost associated with the reduction of a planned production run. Perhaps the long-range programing which McNamara introduced at the Pentagon (and which he regards with unabashed pride) rigidified the weapons-production process. One can only regret Secretary McNamara's failure to discuss this phenomenon with all its disturbing implications for the dynamics of the arms race.

A depressing thing happens on McNamara's way to the Third World. Muddled assertion replaces analysis as a tool of persuasion. Ideas bubble off the page only to pop at the first touch of critical thought. The parade of wooden platitudes would do justice to Secretary Rusk. The thread of his argument, such as it is, begins with a deceptively impeccable statement of our national objectives:

> . . . to create . . . a world in which even the smallest state [can] look forward to an independent existence, free to develop in its own way, unmolested by its neighbors, and free of fear of armed attack or political domination by the more powerful nations.

A decade ago it would have passed unnoticed, merely a decorous banality. Now it presents itself as provocative hypocrisy or unseemly naïveté. As a minor matter, it ignores the shift in world values which has made it a right, even an obligation, to "molest" certain states —South Africa being the classic case in point. Gone is the traditional right of each equal sovereign to be monstrous to his subjects.

The bland implication that small, less-developed states associated with the United States, as opposed to the Soviet Union, can "look forward to an independent existence . . . free of fear of political domination" might charitably be ascribed to a covert sense of irony, if only one could find some verbal scrap that would bear such an interpretation. It does seem a little cavalier to create, by means of a significant silence, the status of a non-person for Señor Arbenz, the former President of Guatemala. The Bay of Pigs and the Lebanon also find no home in these "Reflections in Office," while the Dominican Republic is touched gingerly in one sentence where it is laid alongside Vietnam and the Pakistan-India conflicts as examples of "first attempts to substitute multinational for unilateral policing of violence." The legal mind boggles at this whimsical hodgepodge of "precedent."

Bolts of candor do break through occasionally, as where after announcing sternly that "certainly we have no charter to rescue floundering regimes which have brought violence on themselves by deliberately refusing to meet the legitimate expectations of their citizenry," he adds:

> Further, throughout the next decade advancing technology will reduce the *requirement for bases and staging rights* at particular locations abroad, and the whole pattern of forward deployment will gradually change.

In other words, the strategic justifications for gross interference in the processes of less-developed countries will diminish.

Such moments are warming, but one is quickly chilled again by new clichés and *non sequiturs*. "It is clearly understood," we are assured, "that certain Communist nations are capable of subverting, manipulating and finally directing for their own ends the wholly legitimate grievances of a developing society." Which nations? When? How? What is the evidence of success? There are no answers. Nor is there any indication of how a citizenry whose "legitimate" expectations have been frustrated can acquire the weapons required to remove "floundering" but well-armed regimes. There is no suggestion that the United States should provide them, and there is ample indication that the United States will regard any reliance on the wily Communist powers as compelling evidence that a rebellion is not genuinely indigenous.

Related in a deplorably unsystematic way to Secretary McNamara's alertness to the threat of subversion in the "traditionally listless areas of the world," which the "sweeping surge of development [has turned] into seething caldrons of change," is his concern with stability. It is announced in the Preface and proceeds thereafter on its murky

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way through the entire book. "Whether Communists are involved or not," we are crisply informed, "violence anywhere in a taut world threatens the security and stability of nations half a globe away."

I do not know why Secretary McNamara regards this as a self-evident proposition, as opposed to self-fulfilling prophecy. Just how is the security of the United States threatened by violence on the streets of Ouagadougou? Because "there are those who . . . would . . . undermine us slowly with subversion and limited war"? And suppose those incubuses (whose names suddenly are coyly withheld) become, through coup or civil war, as influential in Upper Volta as the United States is in literally dozens of less-developed countries from the Dominican Republic to Thailand. What is the actual relationship between this contingency and our security?

I will say this: if Secretary McNamara is correct in his assertion that peace and tranquillity are indivisible (why won't Wilsonians just fade away?), our national prospects appear, on his own evidence, rather bleak. We are warned of "a hemisphere of youth where mounting frustrations are likely to fester into eruptions of violence and extremism." We are assured that if present growth trends persist, by the end of the century the average per capita income for the less-developed countries will be barely $170, while that of the United States will be $4,500. And finally we are pressed against the wall of despair by the revelation that order and stability are impossible without a reasonable standard of living which is not an objective level of existence but a subjective sense of relative well-being.

What are we to do? The nostrums have a familiar ring. Economic aid *and* military assistance to provide the "shield behind which development, the central fact of security, can be achieved," but only for those states which "are willing and able to help themselves." Yet how can we afford to ignore any state if violence anywhere is a threat to our security?

Privately, many of the most convinced supporters of our present policy concede the dominating role of the United States in many states, and the extensive degree to which we have exploited that role by influencing decisively the policies and personnel of client governments. They also concede that we have from time to time aided inept, corrupt and viciously authoritarian regimes wholly unable or unwilling to promote development and distributive justice. Until this concession is made publicly, debate is degraded to a dialogue of the deaf.

Arguably, it was necessary for the Secretary of Defense to participate occasionally in the ritual of support and justification for the President's policies. That would be a generous explanation for the quality of several of the "policy" statements which were stitched together to create this book. But it obviously does not cover a retrospective confirmation of the official pieties by a man who has moved to more neutral ground.

There is, here, the adumbration of tragedy. Through all his years in office, McNamara's dominating concern was to halt the arms race by convincing the American public, and more particularly its Congressional representatives and the Soviet leadership, that the multiplication of weaponry would concurrently multiply insecurity. There is evidence that he has succeeded in communicating this position to the Russians. There is more compelling evidence that with respect to the Congress of the United States he has failed. Under any circumstances the obstacles would have been great. In the combustible environment which is a product of the war in Vietnam, they appear to have proved insuperable. Thus the whole problem of American policy in the Third World which for McNamara was, I believe, of only secondary concern has come to dominate the ramparts of foreign and defense policy, and finally has driven from the office of the Secretary of Defense easily the most admirable figure ever to have occupied it, his hopes subverted in part by the arrogant assumption that any policy could be made to work by a man who was sufficiently determined, sufficiently able, and sufficiently willing to pay the price.

He has, I suspect, paid a greater price than he had ever imagined would be required, and though we have paid it too, is it possible not to regret his passing from the seat of power in the Pentagon? There is no longer a clear voice there responding to the belligerent trumpets on Capitol Hill and on the hustings as well. Weapons yet unseen move their slow thighs in anticipation of birth. I fear the day is not distant when I and many others will ask plaintively: "Where have you gone, Robert McNamara?"

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Dahlberg: A Prophetic Wisdom

EDWARD DAHLBERG: American Ishmael of Letters. *Edited and with an introduction by Harold Billings. Roger Beacham. 175 pp. $8.95.*

THE CARNAL MYTH. *By Edward Dahlberg. Weybright and Talley. 121 pp. $6.50.*

RAYMOND ROSENTHAL
Mr. Rosenthal is the editor of a recently published anthology, McLuhan: Pro & Con *(Funk & Wagnalls).*

That Edward Dahlberg is one of contemporary America's most important writers is becoming clearer with every book he publishes. Recently his most eloquent and esoteric work, *The Carnal Myth,* has been issued, almost simultaneously with an anthology of criticism on him, edited by Harold Billings, in which critics as well known and authoritative as Allen Tate, Herbert Read and Alfred Kazin rub elbows with a number of younger men who have espoused Dahlberg's cause.

But what is his cause? It is interesting to note that the critics, although almost uniformly laudatory, are not quite sure of its limits and lineaments. Allen Tate, for example, locates Dahlberg's *mystique* in his opposition to the state, and connects him with that line of American loners that runs from Thoreau to Randolph Bourne; he is "the poet as the perpetual dissenter and outcast. Dante was exiled from his City, with a price on his head; but what had brought this upon him he accepted in principle since he could not have entertained a theory which would justify resistance *as such* to the City." On the other hand, Herbert Read hails him as "our twentieth century Thoreau, seeking an understanding of the past which will be the understanding of our land and ourselves. . . . His career demonstrates that there is no tradition for American writers: 'We are the eternal infant aboriginals,' as he has said, and each artist must take the journey into the backwoods alone if he is to reach the plateau of achievement where Edward Dahlberg stands."

I have read *The Carnal Myth* six times and I now feel confident that I understand its main outlines sufficiently well to write a review of the book. Dahlberg's cause, his importance, lie in his ingrained suspicion of the rationalistic, scientific heritage which has imprisoned intellect in our time. He knows, instinctively—and this is the virtue and defect of his auto-didactic limitations—that above reason and the soul or spirit stands what Dante called *"il bene dell' intelletto,"* that is, the good of the intellect, the light of wisdom which is a perpetual source of interpretation and transformation. Dahlberg intuitively knows that the method of this form of intellect is the explanation of myths, the presentation of symbols, the search for ancient wisdom. And this is precisely the form taken by *The Carnal Myth,* which one of the contributors to Mr. Billings' interesting volume, Joseph Evans Slate, describes as a "bestiary . . . or moral book of erotic beasts . . . (whose) scope is encyclopedic and its retrospective movement embraces the entire history of living matter."

Dahlberg is famous, or infamous—depending on the degree of the critic's tolerance for heretical opinion—for his attacks on modern literature. Yet his new book, *The Carnal Myth,* is a magnificent example of the montage method used with a brilliance that the self-proclaimed modernists might reflect on with advantage. It is precisely the tension between his love and veneration for the wisdom of the past and his battered, reluctant immersion in the present that imparts a note of conflict and longing to these queer, astoundingly evocative mosaics of quotation, garnered and set out on the page with an originality that pedestrian scholarship could never achieve. In this sense, he is a true modernist, like Eliot, Valéry and Joyce: he cannot settle down comfortably in an uncomfortable epoch. Tradition is not a lifeless institution for him but rather the reminder of tragedy that goads him to feats of incomparable juxtaposition and analogy.

> Self-revelation is a heavy Petrine doubt hanging about my neck. That is what writing is. I fume away my gloom and imagine I am gaining a knowledge of my nature, and that is sufficient to make a Goya cower. . . .

Only a writer steeped in the classical awareness of human limitation could make the illuminating parallel between the terrible trials and hardships of the Spanish conquistadors in America and the sexual gluttony described and excoriated by the classics. "Who can muse," he says in his preface, "upon the disasters of Panphilo de Narváez or the pilgrimage of Cabeza de Vaca, who walked naked from the Atlantic to the Rio de las Palmas (the Rio Grande), without understanding that suffering is the Buddha of all flesh?" And his musings have given us perhaps the most profound scrutiny of America's rapacious beginnings—its indigenous identity—to be found in our literature. Acknowledging his debt to that other, first explorer of the American past, William Carlos Williams, "the only poet with the historian's faculty of the American earth," Dahlberg plunges deeper and further by linking all these frightful assaults on the virgin wilderness with an ancient warning that was being flouted and ignored.

> The Quiché Maya papyri are jaguar psalms. Aztec hieroglyphs are water demons and the human skulls sacrificed in the oratories. Thoreau is a wild quaggy testament; the strongest books of the American smell of the slime, the horny spicules of sponges, and the spermaceti of leviathan.

Dahlberg's true rebelliousness can be traced directly to his fierce reverence for the past. "The writer's occupation," he proclaims, "according to Ben Jonson, is a 'sacrament of misery.' To be truthful is to dwell in a tomb described as society."

The difficulty of interpreting Dahlberg can be located in the fact that he is a religious writer without a religion, or rather in search of one. Myth, as used by many of the contributors to Mr. Billings' volume, would seem to be an empty literary exercise, an ornamentation. Dahlberg is after much greater game. He is doing what D. H. Lawrence said American writers must do if our unfledged continent is ever to find its soul: he is ransacking our primeval past to find the roots of a new religion. He himself is not sure, like all true prophets.

> Living in the age of separation, I had a clandestine wish I could not repress: not having written this work to instruct others, I hoped it would be a remedy of sorts for those who are broken, my sole kin, wherever they are. . . . I made apothegms, never failing to be concerned with style first and last, but prayed after they were framed they might be a scanty value to those remote hermits, dying in the Arctic Circle of the literati. Had I the dung of the musk ox as fuel in the frozen regions to warm them?

But anyone who reads *The Carnal Myth* with my warning in mind will come away marvelously refreshed and reawakened. The Indians on our continent lived in mythical symbiosis with that "spirit of place" which, as Lawrence declared and as Dahlberg intimates, must be experienced, lived through, struggled against and, finally, reconciled if a land or a country is to grow and flourish. The ghosts that haunt the American land are ancient ghosts that have been transplanted by the spirit and need human and mythical recognition before they can be understood and, perhaps, banished.

The western people have sepulchred

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away the sun and the moon; and the American is far from the Indian god rivers, bays, rain and maize that give him images, without which he is sourceless. Until he is connected with the fens, the ravines, the stars, he is more solitary than any beast. Man is a god, and kin to men, when he is a river, a mountain, a horse, a moon. . . . Hindu writing is meditative, and the domestic heifer is sacred and near the Buddha. The American legend is the mesa and the bison; it is the myth of a tragic terrain stalked by banished men.

Dahlberg's prose is eminently quotable; he is perhaps our most consummate rhetorician, but he also has a great deal to say. His books are worth the trouble of meditation, of rereading, of pondering over again and again. I myself wonder whether he *knows* fully and intimately the profundity of his own wisdom. He is indeed like a seer whose vision sometimes escapes himself; the delight of the imaginative transport blurs the clarity of perception. At times one has the feeling that he believes America can be saved only by an ancient past, that the Indians and their ceremonies and rituals are meaningless to us, that spirituality can only come from elsewhere. He is an aesthete in religion too, and perhaps that is why he mistakes his own wisdom for a lesser thing than it is. The truth is in his rhythms, his eloquence, not in his explanations.

But once it has been said, even in this confused clairvoyant manner, it is quite clear to all. It is true that America has never been redeemed by the spirit, by the *bene dell' intelletto*. Dahlberg is important because he points a new way: "Ragged earth seldom produces mild men; the rivers of the New Continent are choleric, and the reason that the rapacious Scamander, with whom Achilles fought, appears to be small and of little importance is that Homer has tamed this stream."

Dahlberg is a lone searcher for the true myths of human destiny in our violent, barren, raddled land. He says: "Man is the animal who thinks, but he cannot employ his intellect without losing his reason, which is why Cristóbal Colón saw mermaids in the waters near the Antilles, or how Plato conceived the *Timaeus*." From such statements, American criticism, if it were really mythical in orientation, could evolve a new corpus of thought and revelation to counter the materialism and sensationalism growing on all sides.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

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Our National-Security Managers

INTERVENTION AND REVOLUTION. *By Richard J. Barnet. An NAL Book. World Publishing Co. 302 pp. $6.95.*

RICHARD J. WALTON
Mr. Walton is the author of The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson, *just published by Coward-McCann.*

This splendid and melancholy book has laid to their final rest any lingering doubts about the nature of America in world affairs. America, born in revolution, the ultimate inspirer of almost all the revolutions that have followed, has become the fist of counterrevolution. Richard J. Barnet, a founder and co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, has written a calm, dispassionate book, perceptive and truthful, that quietly demolishes the basis of most American foreign policy since the war. The basic assumption, of course, one accepted by Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, is that expansive communism seeks to conquer the world and that America, in self-defense, must strike down this hydra-headed monster wherever it can, near or far. This hypothesis was accepted a priori or perhaps on the basis of what might be called proof by reassertion. Thus in Greece and Iran, Guatemala and Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Vietnam and elsewhere, the United States has carried on its crusade to prevent the latter-day Munichs that it claims would mean the eventual battling of the Communists on American shores.

In his first sentence Barnet states simply the paradox in American foreign policy. "The Cold War arose over the fate of Central Europe, but it has been fought almost everywhere else." The containment policy was established, not without some justification, to block any further Russian expansion beyond what became almost immediately its satellite states. However, and the reasons are still not quite clear, the United States was not content to contain Russia along the line of original tension but, by the time Dulles was through, had relentlessly established an armed ring around the entire Communist world. And paradoxically while the original area of confrontation was quiet—although often tense—the United States engaged itself, sometimes covertly, sometimes openly, in putting down revolutions in the ruins of the old

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social and political order caused by the upheavals of war.

Before going any further, it should be made plain that Barnet is no starry-eyed romantic about revolutions:

> But the moral depravity of the colonialist does not mean that the revolution is pure heroism or that its leaders are saints. Revolution is ugly and violent. It devours its children and innocent people along with it. The revolutionary always starts from a position of weakness, and he resorts to terrorism, the weapon of the weak—the derailed train, the bomb in the officers' club, or the cut throat of the colonialist collaborator (real or suspected). The revolutionary, even when he is fired by a righteous cause, often marks his success by reverting to the political type he supplants.

Yet while he realizes that revolutions may be betrayed by the very men who made them, he points out what successive administrations have not been able to grasp, that "Revolutionary movements" —as opposed to the *coups d'état* the United States is usually able to accept— "grow in the soil of exploitation and injustice," and result only when this *status quo* has successfully resisted all other attempts at change.

Our National-Security Managers (Barnet's term), those intelligent, often brilliant, well-mannered, well-dressed, well-educated, awesomely well-informed and quietly arrogant men who have led us into one moral, political or military disaster after another, would explain with the long-suffering patience they display to those of us who just don't know the score, that they are hardly counterrevolutionaries. The United States, as we should know, has a long tradition of anti-colonialism, and besides, everyone knows that the United States is different; we don't do the things other paramount nations have done. We intervene in revolutions only when they have been taken over by outside forces, only when the Communists subvert them, and such intervention is clearly in the interest of the people involved, for the good of the entire "free world" and essential to American security.

Here's the difficulty and here's where Barnet is so splendid. He establishes that successive administrations have defined as Communist virtually every revolution that intended profound economic and social change, whether or not Communists were present. And if Communists were involved in any way —even as remote inspiration or minor suppliers of material aid—or if any domestic Communists participated in the revolutionary movement, this was taken as proof positive that the revolution was directed from Moscow or Peking. This despite the fact that there is absolutely no evidence that Moscow or Peking has organized and dominated even a single "war of national liberation." Indeed, while both have been free with advice and rhetoric, they have been stingy with material aid except, as Barnet points out, in response to a major American commitment such as in Vietnam. Further, there is ample evidence that such revolutionary leaders as Castro and Ho Chi Minh are fiercely protective of their independence. Further still, it is a documented fact that Russia, particularly, has often denied aid to avowedly Communist rebels and continues to discourage revolutions in areas where, if it followed Communist dogma, it should encourage them.

In short, as Barnet superbly documents, these revolutions are nationalistic and, regardless of the rhetoric, not part of a Communist wave that threatens to engulf us. Thus the Munich analogy so beloved of Secretary Rusk is simply false. These revolutionaries are not part of one army which, if defeated in one place, will be unable to fight us in another. Each country, however similar the circumstances, is a separate problem, and a successful counterinsurgency in one country does not prevent a revolution in another. And Barnet consigns to where it belongs, fantasy land, the prevailing notion that successful revolutions threaten American security. ". . . the notion that the Castros of the future will muster an army of millions, transport them by sampan and burro, and loose them on our cities is nothing less than a psychotic fantasy, so absurd in fact that it is never explicitly stated, only hinted at in vague anxiety-producing historical analogies." These revolutions threaten our national security only (as has been proved in Vietnam) if we insist in trying to put them down.

Barnet not only discusses revolutions in general, he gives excellent concise accounts of American interventions in, among other places, Iran, Guatemala, Lebanon, the Dominican Republic and, of course, Vietnam. What interested me most however was his discussion of the Greek civil war and the Truman Doctrine. Most of us who were young then and busy defending Truman against the McCarthyites accepted as an article of faith that the Truman Doctrine alone would have been enough to establish him as a great President. Yet we have come to learn that it was not that simple, that the Communist rebels had been refused aid by Stalin as a result of a deal with Churchill, that the government rescued and then supported by Britain and the United States was corrupt and repressive and, if possible, even more brutal than the Greek Communists. Now it seems clear that this fateful step that changed the course of American and world history was based, perhaps even deliberately, on the false premise that Greece was intended to be an extension of the Russian Communist empire. The ultimate irony, of course, is what happened to Greece twenty years later.

The question now is—what happens next? Here Barnet's superb book is of no help if it's not read by those who most need to read it. Have we finally learned from Vietnam? Or, perhaps more pertinent, has the new President and the men who'll surround him?

Books of Interest to Nation Readers

FRONTIERS OF CIVIL LIBERTIES. *By Norman Dorsen. With a preface by Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. Pantheon Books. 420 pp. $8.95.*

A panoramic view of contemporary issues in civil liberties describing the advances and retreats in a constant struggle of negotiation, victory and defeat.

THE OTHER GERMANY. *By John Dornberg. Doubleday & Co. 370 pp. $6.95.*

A view of East Germany which depicts it risen from the rubble of a decimated Europe to a position of the world's seventh largest industrial power. Its citizens are shown enjoying a measure of consumer affluence and personal independence. By a *Nation* contributor.

CRISIS IN CAR INSURANCE. *Edited by Robert E. Keeton, Jeffrey O'Connell and John H. McCord. University of Illinois Press. 279 pp. $6.95.*

A collection of papers by representatives of the insurance industry, plaintiffs and defendants' counsel, federal and state government, universities, and consumer groups debating the pros and cons of methods for handling automobile claims, and evaluation of much needed proposals for change. It includes a chapter by *Nation* contributors Robert Keeton and Jeffrey O'Connell on "Basic Protection: Automobile Insurance."

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I HEARD THE TREAD OF HUNTERS

I heard the tread of hunters,
Snapping forge in broken trail
Across the shell-backed, pheasant-
Fathered leaves along
The tracing snowgold
waters of October.
I heard the tread of hunters,
Thrashing past the mossy roots of
Thorn and pacing
Pair by peer beneath the furry
Harvest of the walnut trees.

I heard the tread of hunters
Signal terror to the deer
Who wandered at the grassline of
The clover-breaded pool and
Watched them twitch their
Hate for death and fly
Fleet on ragged wings of
Blood and cinder fading
Small as owls away,
Their
Mandarin-delicate flanks
Leaping in the gloom.

MICHAEL SHORB

THE RICH: Are They Different? *By George G. Kirstein. Houghton Mifflin Co. 266 pp. $5.95.*

Mr. Kirstein defines who is rich and who only affluent and discusses the differences between the hereditary rich and the self-enriched. He writes of the education of the rich, their guilts, fears and isolation, their philanthropy, their fun, their power, and the special problems of rich women. Finally he answers the two questions: are the rich happy and are they different? A condensed version of one of the chapters appeared in *The Nation.*

THE PEOPLE AND THE POLICE. *By Algernon D. Black. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 246 pp. $6.95.*

Mr Black, former chairman of the 1966 Civilian Complaint Review Board of the Police Department of the City of New York. voices the hope that there is still time for the people and the police to come to understand one another's needs, problems and points of view.

THE RED BOOK AND THE GREAT WALL. *By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Ronald Strom. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 170 pp. $4.95.*

A novelist's highly personalized account of a recent visit to China, including his impressions of the Red Guards in action and of the hypnotic effect of Mao. A chapter of this work appeared in *The Nation.*

REGIS DEBRAY AND THE LATIN AMERICAN REVOLUTION. *Edited by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. 138 pp. $5.*

A symposium on Régis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?* which includes essays by Juan Bosch, Robin Blackburn, André Gunder Frank, Gordon Lewis and William A. Williams, among other writers. The essay by Eqbal Ahmad appeared in somewhat different form in *The Nation.*

THE TRIAL OF ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN BY THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION. *Edited, with an introduction by Corliss Lamont. Horizon Press. 222 pp. $5.95.*

Mr. Lamont was a member of the ACLU Board of Directors and present at the 1940 meeting at which Miss Flynn, a leading woman labor and radical leader, was expelled on the ground that she was a member of the Communist Party. A full stenographic transcript of the hearing is included in this fascinating account of a turning point in the alliance between liberals and radicals.

FREEDOM OF CHOICE AFFIRMED. *By Corliss Lamont. Horizon Press. 214 pp. $5.95.*

A product of four decades of thought and discussion, this history of philosophy is an overall case for existence of free will from the humanist and naturalist viewpoint. Mr. Lamont decries those schools of history, philosophy and psychoanalysis that see man as a puppet or automaton entirely subject to forces within or without himself.

SUPERNATION AT PEACE AND WAR. *By Dan Wakefield. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 252 pp. $5.95.*

BETWEEN THE LINES. *By Dan Wakefield. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 274 pp. Paper $2.45.*

Both books are colorful, personalized accounts of a reporter's journey through public and private events. The first describes a trip across the country in the early months of 1968. The second is a reprint of a collection of essays originally published in 1966, almost half of

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which were written on special assignment for *The Nation.*

THE ATLANTIC SALMON: A Vanishing Species? *By Anthony Netboy. Houghton Mifflin Co. 457 pp. $6.95.*

A fully documented and delightfully well-written book showing how the Atlantic salmon has become the world's most harried, as well as most valuable, freshwater fish. Mr. Netboy describes the evolution of the species, its life cycle and migrations, and the history of salmon fisheries from earliest recorded times to the present. A condensed version of one of the chapters appeared in *The Nation.*

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

As a writer, Norman Mailer is utterly professional; he commands a powerful language and designs his work to produce the effect he foresees and desires. As a film maker, however, Mailer is persuaded that a deliberate amateurism will better serve his ends. He brings together a small group of friends, assigns them roles that rather well suit their physical appearances, tells them the general idea of the topic he has in mind and sets the project in motion, confident that several hours of vigorous larking can be edited to a feature-length picture of admirable spontaneity. That it won't work should be, but evidently is not, obvious to the professional Mailer.

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In *Beyond the Law* he stipulates that the police misuse the suspects brought by them into the precinct station during the night-hour scourings of the city streets, that police work either attracts the corrupt or corrupts those it attracts, and that everyone involved, quarry and hunters, is thus beyond the law. Since the thesis is not strikingly novel, the picture's success would depend on how it was developed. But Mailer, having no script, develops nothing; he merely iterates. A group of alleged malefactors, ranging from a gambler, through a subway deviate, a self-declared wife killer and a pair of spitting, long-haired motorcycle boys, to a girl who hires out as a sex whipper, are repetitiously threatened, abused and deprived of their rights by a handful of sardonic detectives. Mailer, in the role of Lieutenant Pope, a 1930s tough cop with an Irish propensity for folk wisdom, shoulders his way through the night, orchestrating and controlling the hatred, fraud and violence to which he has dedicated his life.

The film is not oriented; you never know how you got where you are. The individual scenes cannot be assimilated because the cameras work so close as to destroy spatial relationships. And the dialogue is "legible" only in fragments, partly because untrained performers do not speak well, partly because Mailer feels that speech (particularly his own speech) is more important as "make-up" than as communication. The cumulative effect of all this improvisation is to produce in the viewer a sensation of partial anesthesia, as though he had deadened his responses with whisky.

It may be evident at this point why Mailer has abandoned professionalism in his work for the screen. He may well believe that the predictable inadequacies of "spontaneous" creation will simulate the sodden opacities of contemporary society. One cannot hold a reader by mumbling in print (though there was a period when Mailer appeared to be trying it), but an audience is more captive, and can perhaps be persuaded to accept stultification as its dessert.

In addition, Mailer is aware of the underground cinema and must know himself more talented and vigorous than the bulk of that feckless brotherhood. If they can produce a cult out of ineptitude, he should be able to turn it into art. It doesn't work. *Beyond the Law* is less irritating than dull. The theory that an audience will participate in dishevelment is fallacious; it will rather withdraw into its own reveries. An innocent man might suppose that, without talent or training, he could step before a camera and ad-lib a morality play for his contemporaries. But Mailer is not innocent, and it is hard to forgive him for assuming that a competence he has worked so honorably to master in his own art can be had without charge in some other man's art.

Negatives, by a young director, Peter Medak, is as bouncy as a tennis ball, and as hollow. It presumes a pschopathology so elaborate that the picture requires more to be diagnosed than reviewed, but as an entertainment it is enervated by the fact that its characters are presented only in the dimension of their aberrations. Despite the work of three vivid performers, Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento and Glenda Jackson, the effect is bleak, like one of those psychiatric case histories that begins, "C— a male upholsterer, aged 37. . . ."

McEnery and Glenda Jackson get their kicks by pretending that he is Dr. Crippen and she his paramour; they make love only in Victorian drag. Along comes Miss Cilento, a German photographer of dubious gender, who persuades McEnery that he is not Crippen but Baron von Richthofen, ace of the World War I flying circus. The advantage of this new masquerade, from her point of view, is that the baron was a notorious loner and Miss Jackson becomes available.

All this is very slickly photographed in a chichi style, and admirably paced; but the ingredient of plausibility, never great, steadily decreases as the action proceeds. Characters bearing a taint of nuttiness can make wonderfully enticing theatre, but pure nuts are fit only for Madame Tussaud's (where one scene of the picture is incautiously staged, to suggest the comparison).

TELEVISION

LESLIE R. COLITT

Mr. Colitt is Berlin correspondent for the Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. and The Observer *(London). His* The Other Germany, *a study of East Germany, has been published in West Germany.*

West Berlin

A week after the invasion of Czechoslovakia, East German television still was unable to show a suitable news clip from its occupied neighbor. As far as its viewers were concerned, it did not have to: 80 per cent of all East Germans followed the Czechoslovak crisis on West German television. Evening after evening, East German TV's star commentator, Karl-Eduard von Schnitzler, appeared before the cameras and spoke of scenes in Prague that his audience had just seen on the West German channel.

The incident illustrated the nature of

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this most unusual competition between two television networks. Through West German TV, the people of East Germany are still able to follow developments in the West almost as closely as if they lived there. Apart from a small area east of Dresden, West Germany's Channel 1 can be received throughout East Germany.

It appears odd that with the exception of occasional campaigns to tear down Western-oriented antennae, the East German authorities have never tried to halt this viewing of the Western program. Yet the same regulation applies here as with radio: tuning in the West is not in itself punishable, but telling one's neighbor about the program is very much so. Visiting an apartment house in any East German city, one can hear the West German program reverberating through the prefabricated walls.

East and West German television are similar in their program make-up, politics, sports, culture, light entertainment and children's programs, occupying roughly the same amount of time in each. For the most part, though, that is where similarities end. With its persistent didacticism, East German television resembles its model, Moscow television, on a somewhat more sophisticated level. West Germany's public corporation television is closest to the B.B.C., on which it was patterned. Only the first of the three West German channels can be received in East Germany, but fortunately for the Easterners, it is the best balanced.

A typical day in the battle of the air waves starts at 10 A.M. on the East and West networks. Both open with attractive young women who read the schedule of the day's programs. Time is squandered liberally on both networks. A clock, for example, is flashed on the screen until the sweep hand moves to the full minute when the news begins. In the early 1950s, when East German TV was in its infancy, its newscasters appeared in fatigues. Now, they wear the same overpadded business suits favored in West Germany. North Germans, having approximately neutral accents, are chosen to read the news in both Germanys.

Before noon, the East German station often reruns programs from the previous evening, for the benefit of night-shift workers. One such special, a serialized film about East German peasants during the postwar land reform and subsequent collectivization, was recently awarded a national prize by President Walter Ulbricht, who called it "a genuine experience for millions of viewers." A random sampling of ten East Berliners the next day revealed that not one of them had seen any of the installments.

While this program ran in the East, West Germany's Channel 1 brought a half-hour of advice for young people on future occupations; the job for that day was flower arranger. The East closed its morning program with a film report from North Vietnam. In the late afternoon, the East resumed transmission with a report on the East Berlin scene, and the West with the news, followed by instruction in Chinese cooking. A program of greetings from children of all the Warsaw Pact countries, with the exception of Czechoslovakia, followed on Eastern TV, the West countering with a half-hour of interior decoration hints—"out with overstuffed furniture." In the East, an august group of professors then assembled for an hour of bandying questions for which the answers were immediately implicit.

Early each evening, East and West German TV roll out the heavy guns, in the form of the "sandman" children's programs. A flurry of channel switching occurs as children watch first the East's "sandman" and then the West's. The unanimous nonpolitical opinion of children in both East and West is that the East's "sandman" is better—perhaps because the Western puppets act out a sugar-coated fairy tale, while the Eastern puppets confront children with more realistic situations from everyday life.

A hush falls over living rooms in both parts of Germany when the commercials come on in the evening. They consist of two twenty-minute blocks of subdued advertising on the two main West German channels. Although the East also has its harmless commercials, it is the rare Easterner who cannot repeat the latest Western cigarette jingle. One Western producer of TV commercials has pointed to the irony that the most intensive viewing of Western commercials is in the East, where people cannot buy the products.

Both networks are very serious in tone, although compared with the pedantry of the East, the West German programs are almost witty. Humor on West German TV is mainly confined to the biting presentations of leading political and literary cabarets; in the East, the rare humor that does slip through is wholly unintentional.

Although East German TV introduced the semi-documentary to Germany, this genre has been developed to perfection in the West. One such re-enactment of recent history this autumn dealt with the flight of the Jews from Denmark to Sweden in 1943. This superb program is typical of the emphasis West German TV puts on dealing with all aspects of the Nazi era. East Germany, too, has its share of anti-Nazi programs, one East German having said wryly that you may think, from the way they recall history, that East Germany must have been the original member of the anti-Hitler coalition.

West German TV has gained a repu-

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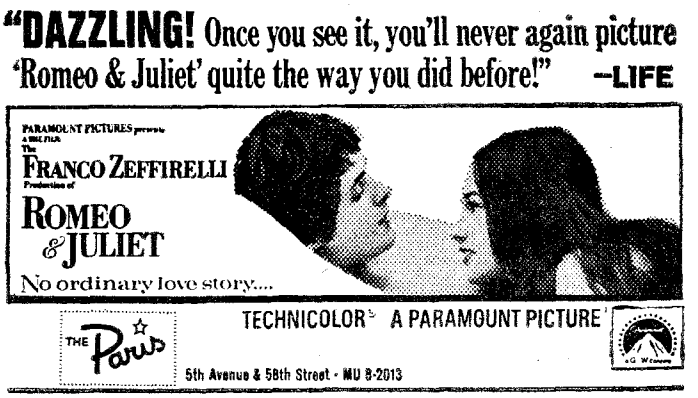
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tation for hard-hitting documentaries, such as "police state visit" which lampooned the Shah of Iran's visit to West Germany (it has been shown on National Educational Television in the United States). Most of the documentaries are decidedly anti-official in content. In capsule form, this in-depth treatment is also given to the weekly "reports" which critically dissect political life in Germany.

In the face of the superiorities of West German TV and the persistent viewing habits of East Germans, television in the East has virtually given up direct competition. East German producers are now reduced to creating programs for their most appreciative viewers—the party elite and themselves.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

As done by the APA at the Lyceum Theatre, Molière's *The Misanthrope* would make a first-rate radio show. Richard Wilbur's admirably ingenious translation (less sprightly than the original French, which is mostly a matter of the difference in languages) is well spoken by the entire company. It is all quite sensible and easy to take.

But I did not see on the stage any characterization, movement, setting, costume that added anything to the text. In my view, this is hardly theatre at all but recitation, good recitation if you like, but still mainly a kind of reading. And of all Molière's plays *The Misanthrope* most decidedly needs something more.

One might call this a traditional performance, so frequently hailed with exclamations of gratification in reaction to what may be the excessive liberties sometimes taken by autointoxicated directors to break loose from convention or to display their originality. But it is just such traditionalism that turned Shakespeare moldy in former years (during the last days of the Old Vic, for example) and from which the *Comédie Française* has only partially rid itself in the playing of Molière. It is essentially illustration, not creati n. A text is only the beginning of the theatrical event; it should serve to inspire a new artistic work with its own unique spirit, its own fresh blood, bone and sinew.

Still the APA *Misanthrope* is no worse than several performances of it I have seen in Paris. But a distinction should be made. Many years ago I saw Lucien Guitry (Sacha's father) play Alceste. He was all "wrong": he played the part as a near-tragic figure, ill with resentment at the frivolity and cynicism of the court's upper crust. The critics protested that *The Misanthrope* is a comedy, intended to provoke laughter. "Laugh, if you like," Guitry stormed in an interview. "This is how I see Alceste."

I recall the incident now because although I agreed with the critical objections to Guitry's performance, I never forgot *that* Alceste as a portrait and an interpretation, while I have no memory of any other "traditional" one. Guitry had converted the play into something of a black comedy with a substance all its own. All the others had been chaff and dress parade.

• • •

The DMZ, New York's only political café, moved downtown this fall from the Columbia University neighborhood, to the Village Vanguard in Greenwich Village. It got off there to a shaky start, but has now settled down with its strongest company to date—a white man, a black man, a pretty girl with a dissatisfied mouth and a tousle-haired pianist, who looks as though he had come straight from the demonstration. The old material has been rigorously combed, new turns are added every week or so, the level of projection is now the highest it has been in the thin-ice life of this tenacious venture.

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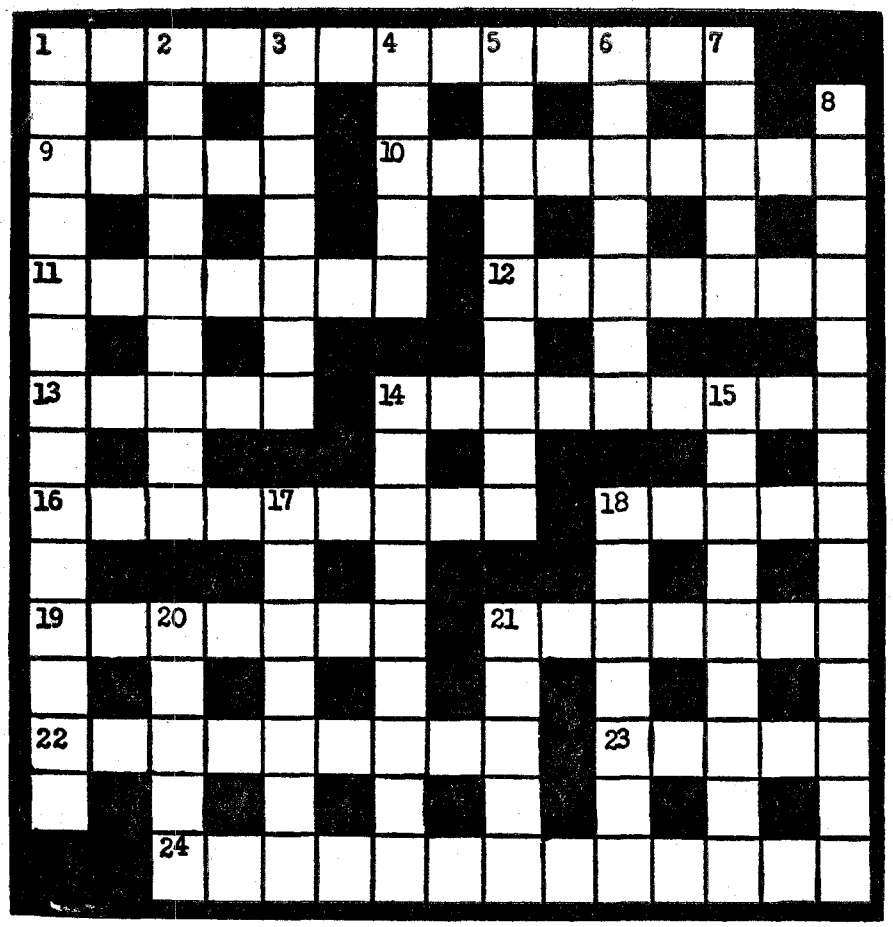

ACROSS

1 In this puzzle underline the address of a minister here. (7,6)
9 But it doesn't offer only cruises for the privileged class. (1-4)
10 Stress something other than a superior stock of merchandise? (9)
11 The tactic of one who manages to avoid coming to terms? (7)
12 Such a law test might be a hanging matter, or else mixed up with a fence. (7)
13 Feel happy about what used to be last month? (5)
14 Dick's job? (9)
16 Choose the part of the book that might be made of leather or hide? (4,5)
18 Where one might see the skill of those who can punch? (5)
19 Flat-changer, perhaps, though one doesn't pretend to be. (7)
21 In a human, a clear method of restraint. (7)
22 Our Man in a different environment than Havana might be! (That's one way of putting it!) (9)
23 Stress either the literal or physical type. (5)
24 Is the red change best for a different spot of Nazidom? (13)

DOWN

1 Would it be equivalent to "Hear! Hear!" in the Paris discussions? (6,8)
2 A log under the wheels to prevent movement of the little beast? (9)
3 Church music might mark the end of contrition, in a way. (7)
4 The noise of an animal, or a fish? (5)
5 The seacoast? We trade it for the equivalent. (9)
6 Not fixed, of course! (7)
7 Shaft next to the drawer? (5)
8 One doesn't talk to just anybody this way! (6-2-6)
14 A ray of evil? (9)
15 One might find it candied, hashed, or just pointed. (9)
17 The equivalent might sound like a private ear. (7)
18 Paradoxically, what Americans might call standing for election in England. (7)
20 If the possibility of a hitch occurs, one might find it conveniently on hand. (5)
21 Hawthorne's was evidently mossy. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1270

ACROSS: 1 and 7 down Sober as a judge; 4 Devaluate; 9 Retrieval; 10 Awake; 11 Flageolet; 12 Scuba; 13 Sandbagged; 17 Face-saving; 21 Opera; 22 Carriages; 23 Deals; 24 Transpire; 25 Diagnosis; 26 Dates.
DOWN: 1 Strife; 2 Betray; 3 Railed; 4 Devil's advocates; 5 Valetudinarians; 6 Leadsman; 8 Emeralds; 14 Afforded; 15 Schemata; 16 Assassin; 18 Missed; 19 Egoist; 20 Aspens.

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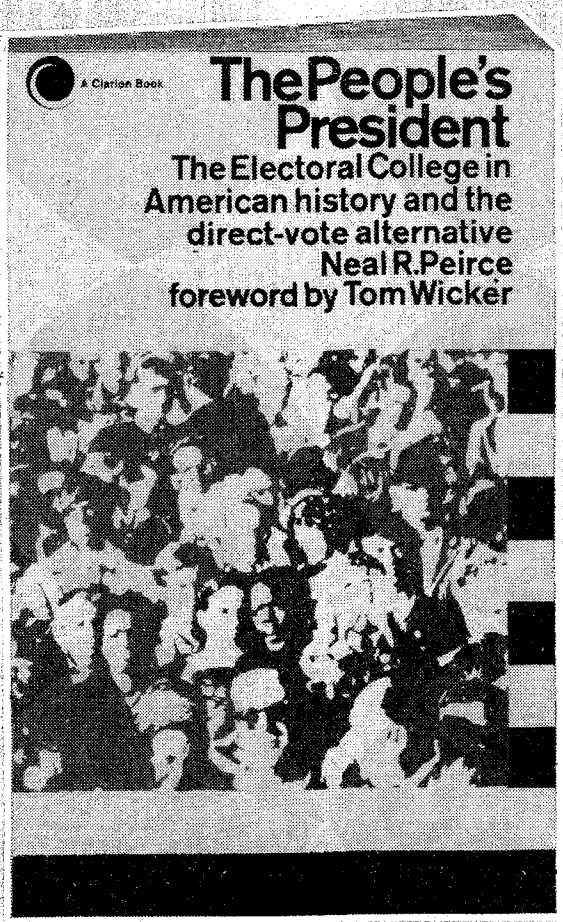
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